

THE STORY OF A GREAT HORSE

By JOHN McCARTNEY



CRESCCEUS, 2:02½



JOHN A. SEAVERNS

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CRESCEUS, 2:02 $\frac{1}{4}$



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By JOHN McCARTNEY

With Chapter on the
Training of Cresceus
By George H. Ketcham

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THE story of the wonderful career of Cresceus,
2:02¹, is presented to the horse-loving public,
in the belief that it will prove of interest
and also show the wonderful progress and development
of the American trotter.

To the hundreds of newspaper writers in all parts of
the United States from whose writings the author has
taken the liberty of drawing liberally, my most sincere
thanks are due for favors and assistance in the prepara-
tion of the book.

JOHN McCARTNEY.

Chillicothe, Ohio, May 1, 1902.

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**THE STORY OF
A GREAT HORSE**

****CRESCEUS, 2:02½****

CHAPTER I



TIM MURNEN

BIRTH OF A CHAMPION

IN the spring of 1894 there was foaled on the Ketcham Farm, near Toledo, Ohio, an awkward looking sorrel colt, which, during the past seven years, has become one of the most famous horses the world has ever known. Throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world, the fame of this colt is heralded.

When the youngster came into the world, and stumbled awkwardly around the big box stall, in which he first saw the light, in an effort to reach his dam, big good-natured Tim Murnen, the superintendent of the Ketcham Farm, looked at him with the critical eye of the experienced horseman, and remarked to one of his assistants, "Well, he is not very pretty, but he appears to be a game little fellow and he may grow into a good

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horse some day." The colt roamed the pastures and paddocks at the farm by the side of his dam, and grew into a big stout-built fellow, but he did not look to be made of championship material. As a yearling the colt had a severe attack of epizootic, and he was blistered on the throat; in an effort to relieve his suffering, in some manner he rubbed off the blister over the half door of his stall, and sawed his neck so that his wind pipe was exposed. When discovered he presented a horrible appearance, and Mr. Ketcham ordered him killed, but as luck or rather fate would have it, the trainer was too busy or careless and it was put off until morning, when he was found to be so much better that it was decided to give him another chance for life. He soon developed into a strong, husky, but far from attractive looking colt. The colt received the ordinary care usually accorded youngsters on a stock farm, and was broken in his yearling form, and his development began.

In casting about for a name for the colt, Mr. Geo. H. Ketcham, the owner and proprietor of Ketcham Farm, decided to call the colt "Cresceus." It is pronounced "Cresh-shus," and was the name borne by a famous Roman horseman and favorite slave of Cæsar. The picture of the ancient chariot races of Rome is familiar to all students of ancient history. One of the central figures of the cloud of dust-covered, oncoming, wild-looking horses and drivers is a magnificent specimen of humanity, driving the wild-eyed,

racy looking and beautiful horse, which is just in a plunging attitude, as though about to leap and clear chariot and driver over all contestants in the race, the magnificent animal being already a neck in the lead. From an ancient print of those wonderful days at Rome, Mr. Ketcham discovered the jockey above described to have been a leading jockey, and famous as a chariot driver. As a horseman this man Cresceus was without a peer, his horses being unequaled in speed, beauty and intelligence.

Cresceus, so the story goes, was not only a wonderful horseman, but a great charioteer, a dashing, handsome, brave and daring fellow. The character so impressed Mr. Ketcham that he decided to re-inhabit the earth with the name at least, and so one day, with much pomp, and before an even half dozen horsemen friends, he drove the party out to the farm, where the now world's famous trotter, then a two-year-old, was exhibited, and afterwards christened "Cresceus," a bottle of rare old wine being used in the ceremony. It was thus that the future champion got his name, and right royally has he honored the name of the old Roman horseman.



JOHN L. HERVEY ("VOLUNTEER")

CHAPTER II

THE ANCESTRY OF CRESCEUS

MR. KETCHAM was led to buy Mabel, the dam of Cresceus, through seeing Nightingale, as a four-year-old, step a mile in 2:27, which was then considered a very wonderful performance. Shortly after seeing this fast young mare perform, Mr. James Dority, owner of Mabel, died, and his horses were sold at public auction in Toledo, in 1892. Mr. Ketcham expected to pay at least \$1,500 for the mare, but, through a misunderstanding, he was fortunate enough to secure her at a much lower figure. The competing bidder was Dr. J. V. Newton, of Toledo, who, with his partner, Mr. Rundall, of Genoa, Ohio, was bidding jointly for the mare; through some confusion on their part, one thinking the other was doing the bidding, and neither seeing Mr. Ketcham

nod to the auctioneer, the mare was knocked down to him for \$250, each believing the bid was for their account; but the bid was Mr. Ketcham's and he secured the mare at that figure.

Mabel was sent to Mr. Ketcham's farm, and she was bred to a son of Baron Wilkes. Shortly after securing Mabel, Mr. Ketcham purchased grand old Robert McGregor, and the following year Mabel was bred to him; Cresceus was the resulting foal. "Volunteer," a well-known student of the breeding and development of the American trotter, has prepared the following analysis of the blood lines of Cresceus.

Perhaps the first thing that will strike the attention of the student of breeding is the fact that Cresceus, in the male line, represents the Hambletonian Star cross, of which Directum, 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$, whom he has de-throned, was also an exemplar. Perhaps no "nick" was ever so popular as this one in its day. Later strong criticism was leveled against it, especially by Mr. Wallace. In recent writings he remarks that while Hambletonian got his best trotters—Dexter, 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$, and Nettie, 2:18—from Star mares, he got no such great sires as George Wilkes, Electioneer, Happy Medium, etc., from them. "In the instance of Dictator and Aberdeen there was a reasonable measure of success," are his words, but all the others, and there are many of them, proved comparative failures.

There is a lesson taught here that any one can interpret. Perhaps on the score of prolificacy this is

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correct, but extreme speed seems, to-day, still as characteristic of the cross as ever, not only as exemplified by Cresceus himself, but by Direct, 2:05½, who has the double Hambletonian-Star cross and was the sensational speed sire of 1900.

True, Robert McGregor, Cresceus's sire, is not an exponent of the immediate combination of the two strains, but he is from a Star mare and by a grandson of Hambletonian. Cresceus's top line thus goes to neither of the two prominent families of the day, George Wilkes nor Electioneer. But it does go to Alexander's Abdallah, really, the present writer believes, the greatest progenitor of the Hambletonian family, whose blood is so potent and so persistent that neither the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," which carried him off in his youth, nor the subsequent vagaries of fashion, have been able to neutralize its influence, and never have its wonderful qualities been so apparent as at this moment, with Cresceus signalizing one male channel; the extraordinary Nutwood family another, and Altamont—one of the leading 2:10 sires—another, while Georgena, 2:07½; Lord Derby, 2:06½, and many others of the best recent performers, show close female and collateral crosses.

Major Edsall, 2:29, the grandsire of Cresceus, was not the best of Alexander's Abdallah's sons. In himself he was not to be compared with Almont, Belmont, nor Wood's Hambletonian. So far as the bare records go he also ranks below Thorndale or Jim Monroe.

But he was a good trotter for his day; a good individual as well; a sturdy, hardy, and long-lived, much-enduring horse. His temper was bad, and what this cost him may be conjectured; but it certainly cost him popularity, prestige, all but the poorest opportunities, and during the greater part of his life subjected him to all manner of vicissitude and abuse. Yet he fought through twenty-seven stormy years and died at last in a burning stable.

Major Edsall's dam is given in the books as by Harris's Hambletonian, almost surely nothing but conjecture. She was gray and came from Vermont and was a famous road mare, and that is all that is known about her. It was the late F. J. Nodine, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who brought her with her mate from the Green Mountain state, and in their day they were a noted metropolitan road team. Conversely, Katy Darling, the dam of Alexander's Abdallah, has no official pedigree, but so far as acceptable evidence is concerned, there is much more tending to show that she was by a son of Andrew Jackson, and out of a mare by a son of Biggert's Sir Henry, than that Edsall's dam was by Harris's Hambletonian; and the tabulation includes this version, which the late George W. Nelson brought forward after long research in 1885. The Stars as a family were small, but Nancy Whitman, Robert McGregor's dam, was of fine size, and a very elegant mare physically.

Mr. R. I. Lee, who bought Robert McGregor of his

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breeder, Samuel Whitman, of Chester, Orange county, N. Y., when an unbroken two-year-old, for \$800, has said that Robert looked very much like her. He, and Cresceus as well, were dowered with the Star family color, chestnut. Still Nancy herself was a bright bay. Her dam, Nance, was by Durland's Young Messenger Duroc, son of Duroc, the famous race horse. The pedigree is given as it stands in the Trotting Register, but it is more than doubtful if he was by Stockholm's American Star, or if his dam was Sally Slouch, by Henry, the celebrated son of Sir Archy, out of a mare by Imp. Messenger, and it is also doubtful if Stockholm's Star was Duroc. If the accepted version is correct, however, Nancy Whitman was very strongly in-bred, as her dam's sire was by a grandson of Duroc, whose dam was by a son of Imp. Messenger. So much in the abstract of the paternal part of Cresceus's blood inheritance. His dam, Mabel, is by Mambrino Howard, a horse otherwise slightly known to fame and concerning whom but few facts seem discernible. He was a brown horse, foaled 1858, and a son of Mambrino Chief. His dam was a "very fine black mare" called Belle, by a pacing horse called Scrugg's Davy Crockett, bred by J. Bagby, near Covington, Kenton county, Kentucky, and out of a mare "called thoroughbred." Nothing is known of Scrugg's Davy Crockett, except that he was a pacing horse brought from Clintonville, Bourbon county, Kentucky, by Volney Scruggs, but his name and gait make the inference

immediate that he was a member of the numerous and contemporary Davy Crockett pacing tribe.

It is more than possible, it is probable, that the unidentified Davy Crockett that got the dam of North Star Mambrino, $2:26\frac{1}{2}$, by Mambrino Chief, and foaled but two years later than Mambrino Howard, was the same horse. The name of the breeder of Mambrino Howard is not preserved. The Register says, "bred in Kentucky," passed to K. C. Barker, Detroit, Michigan, then to General R. L. Howard, Buffalo, N. Y. It is possible Mr. Barker bred him, as he bought his dam "before the war" and he was foaled in 1885, so the chances are that he bred him or else that his dam was carrying him when purchased by Mr. Barker. He was first called simply Mambrino, and there is no doubt but that he was one of the fastest colts of his day, as he won a race at Detroit, June 11, 1862, for four-year-olds, in which he trotted the fourth heat in $2:46\frac{1}{2}$, and no four-year-old had at that time trotted in $2:30$, the record being $2:30\frac{1}{2}$, held by Ericsson, also owned by Mr. Barker. Eleven years after Mambrino Howard was foaled, his dam Belle was bred to Ericsson, and in 1870 she foaled at Lexington, where both were kept, the noted black horse Doble, one of the most sensational Kentucky colts of his day, who in 1870 broke the two-year-old record by trotting in $2:40\frac{3}{4}$ at Lexington. He ultimately took a record of $2:28$ at five years and died at the age of twelve. It is perhaps a similar coincidence that Doble, like his half-brother, never got

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a 2:30 trotter, while his daughters have produced seven, one, Belle Price, being the dam of four 2:30 stallions that are all 2:30 sires.

Mambrino Howard must have passed from Mr. Barker to Gen. Howard, both now dead, at a comparatively early age, as he was standing in New York state as early as 1871, in which he got the dam of Archie Sherman, 2:29 $\frac{1}{4}$, but he was taken to Kentucky soon after, as he certainly made the seasons of 1876, 1877 and 1878 there, and in those seasons got the dams of all but two of the ten performers that are out of mares by him. That he was either owned or managed, or both, at that time by the late B. J. Treacy is also certain.

Mambrino Howard was never stood by General Howard as anything but a roadster stallion, the General not having seriously begun the breeding of trotters until in the fall of 1879, when he bought of Mr. Treacy the afterwards well-known sire, Wilkie Collins. Any later trace of Mambrino Howard I am unable to find; as before said he never got a 2:30 performer, but his daughters have produced ten, the fastest, aside from those out of Mabel, the dam of Cresceus, 2:02 $\frac{1}{4}$, and Nightingale, 2:10 $\frac{1}{4}$, being Walter King, 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$.

At Lexington, Kentucky, November 13, 1897, the late Dr. Herr and Mr. Treacy held a joint sale. The latter sold forty-three head, of which there were five weanlings and two yearlings by Howard's Mambrino (as he was then called). There were also several head sold by the lamented Allie West, 2:25, who had died

three years before; among them was a chestnut filly, one of his last foals, two years old, and in foal to Mambrino Howard. She was called Contention and was bought for \$260 by James Dority, of Toledo, Ohio, and the next spring (1880) she foaled a solid black filly, Mabel, the dam of Cresceus. Mabel is first found in Vol. 9 of the Trotting Register, where she is described (p. 458) as a "black mare foaled 1880, by Mambrino Howard 3656; dam Contention by Allie West 745, bred by Darnaby and Treacy, Lexington, Ky., passed to Charles M. Rowe, Erie, Michigan." In Vol. 11, p. 586, she is brought forward with the record, "passed to James Dority, Toledo, Ohio, April 1, 1885, then to George H. Ketcham, October 20, 1891." But there is some error here, or else Mr. Dority had leased Mabel before he bought her in 1885, for in 1883 he had bred her probably "on shares" with C. L. Osgood, of Samaria, Michigan, to the latter's stallion, Patchen, and she had foaled her first produce, the famous black mare Nightingale, 2:10 $\frac{1}{2}$, in 1884.

Nightingale is recorded in Vol. 10, p. 540, as bred by Messrs. Dority & Osgood (the latter address given as Erie instead of Samaria), "passed to James Dority, then to James Dority and C. M. Rowe, then to estate of James Dority." The horses belonging to the Dority estate were sold in the combination sale held by Newton & Rundall at Toledo, Ohio, October 20, 1891, when Mabel was purchased by Mr. Ketcham for \$250. Nightingale and several others of her produce were

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also sold at the same time, as well as another of the foals of Contention, Mabel's dam. This was Flight, a bay mare by Osgood's Patchen, foaled in 1885, between which date and that of the sale Contention must have been sold or died, probably the latter. Flight was a pacer and took a record of $2:34\frac{1}{2}$ at that gait in 1890. Aside from her and Mabel the record of Contention's foals is wanting. Nightingale (1884) by Osgood's Patchen, was Mabel's first foal; she was a great race mare, winner of both the M. & M. and Charter Oak \$10,000 stakes in 1892, besides many other races. Her best record was $2:10\frac{1}{2}$ in 1893, but she beat $2:10$ more than once. Darkness, also by Osgood's Patchen, was foaled in 1887. In 1888 came Sadie Hasson (Corinne), by Newton's Allie Wilkes, and she trotted to a record of $2:26\frac{1}{4}$ in 1894.

Miss Mary, by Bay View, was foaled in 1891, and took a record of $2:24\frac{1}{4}$, pacing, in 1897. Cresceus came in 1894, and between that year and her death, in 1899. Mabel also produced several other foals by Robert McGregor. The Trotting Register's version of the pedigree of Mabel stops with her dam, Contention, the daughter of Allie West, but Contention was sold by Barney Treacy as being out of a mare by Victor, son of Downing's Bay Messenger, grandam by Crusader, thoroughbred son of Sir Archy. This extension is in all likelihood correct. Contention was bred in partnership by Mr. Treacy and Frank Darnaby, and

Victor was bred in the Darnaby family, while the dates make the Crusader cross fully allowable.

Examining this branch of the pedigree we pause first at Allie West. He doubles back to the blood of Alexander's Abdallah. He was by Almont, whose dam was by Mambrino Chief, and his own dam was another Mambrino Chief mare; so Cresceus's dam gets three direct Mambrino Chief crosses. Another salient feature is the double cross to Downing's Bay Messenger, who got both the grandam of Victor and Allie West, crossed on whose daughter, Allie West produced Contention. As Almont's dam was by Pilot, Jr., Cresceus also gets a strain of that wonderful blood. So much for the blood in the abstract of Cresceus. Of the horses, his ancestors, volumes have been written. Here, then, but little may be said in review. He is by Robert McGregor, 2:17 $\frac{1}{2}$, one of the greatest racing stallions of his day and one of the greatest sires of all times, so far as we may at present judge. He comes in the male line from Hambletonian, the "great fountain head," and through Alexander's Abdallah, who, if judged by the shortness of his career, and the fortuitous circumstances attending it, was probably Hambletonian's best son.

I have before emphasized the value of his blood and will here quote the verdict of one of the most impartial trotting essayists concerning him, which was that, "for all the purposes of the trotting sire, for the production of speed in his immediate get, for getting

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campaigners of courage and staying capacity, and for breeding on generation to generation, improving uniformly from decade to decade, no horse that ever lived has equaled Abdallah 15. As a progenitor he is not only without a superior, but when his opportunities and early death are considered, he is absolutely without a peer." These are strong words, and they were written almost a dozen years ago, but they are even stronger and truer now than then.

As previously remarked, Major Edsall, Robert McGregor's sire, was not the best son of Alexander's Abdallah; that title is so evenly disputed by Almont and Belmont as to rightfully belong as much to one as the other. Cresceus's maternal strain to Almont is through Allie West, who broke the four-year-old record in his day, and whose death at the early age of six years robbed his family of perhaps the most extraordinary member it ever produced, and Kentucky of as great a sire possibly as was ever foaled in the blue grass. Cresceus's maternal top line is to Mambrino Chief, and while Alix, 2:03 $\frac{3}{4}$, would seem to assert the contrary, it may safely be said that Mambrino's blood is stronger as a female than a male element. Cresceus gets it through a son and two daughters; Mambrino Howard, the son, may be considered the weak point in the genealogy, but the extreme merit of his daughter Mabel affords almost equalizing effect. Davy Crockett brings in a close pacing strain. Of Victor, whom we reach with the third dam, it is inter-

esting to find in Vol. II, of the Register, that his breeder, Thomas Darnaby, of Fayette county, Kentucky, sold him to go to Ohio in the '50's for \$2,000—"said to be the largest price then ever paid for a trotting stallion in Kentucky." Victor's sire, Downing's Bay Messenger, played an important part in the foundation breeding in the blue grass. He got Jim Porter, saddle record, 2:28½, in 1860, and many of the famous early Kentucky trotting brood mares, including Little Nora, dam of Clark Chief; Bacchante, third dam of the noted sires, Egmont, Meander, and Nugget; Helen Mar, fourth dam of the famous Allerton, 2:09¼, the fifth dam of Ralph Wilkes, 2:06¾; Rilma 2:09½, etc., etc.

Victor's dam was by Hunt's Brown Highlander, of whom the Register, Vol. II, says: "Probably no horse did more in his day (from 1831 onward) than he to improve the harness horses of Kentucky." He was by St. Patrick Highlander, son of Imp. Brown Highlander, his dam by Rockingham, grandam by Imp. Messenger. Peculiarly enough, Downing's Bay Messenger was by Harpinus (grandson of Messenger), dam "of Messenger and Rockingham blood;" and when he got Victor from a Hunt's Highlander mare there was a close inbreeding of these strains, which with the double individual Bay Messenger cross, gives a most interesting twist to the inheritance.

Crusader the sire of Cresceus's fourth dam, was the thoroughbred son of Sir Archy and Lottery by Imp.

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Bedford. He was an own brother to Kosciusko and Saxe Weimar; Kosciusko's son Woodford got the celebrated Woodbine, dam of Woodford Mambrino, 2:21 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Wedgewood, 2:19, and Sally Woodford, dam of Brignolia, 2:29 $\frac{3}{4}$. Phil, fourth dam of Ralph Wilkes, 2:06 $\frac{3}{4}$, was by Woodford out of a mare by Downing's Bay Messenger, making the same combination at the root of his pedigree and Cresceus's. Patron, 2:14 $\frac{1}{4}$, Prodigal, 2:16, Ponce DeLeon, 2:13, and Patronage, sire of Alix, 2:03 $\frac{3}{4}$, all have double Kosciusko crosses. Saxe Weimar also occurs in some of the greatest trotting pedigrees. He sired Nance, the grandam of the renowned brood mare Dolly, dam of Director, 2:17 (sire of Directum, 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$, whose record Cresceus has displaced), Thorndale, 2:22 $\frac{1}{4}$, and the greatest living sire, Onward, 2:25 $\frac{1}{4}$. His son, Boner's Saxe Weimar, got the grandam of Hamlin's Almont, Jr., 2:26, and his noted brother Fieldmont, and Allie Gaines, all remarkable sires. The fourth dam of Bouncer, 2:09, the four-year-old Transylvania, winner of 1895, was also by Boner's Saxe Weimar.

Viewing Cresceus's pedigree from another light, that of the modern theory that speed comes only from demonstration speed, it is eminently satisfactory. His sire is Robert McGregor, 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$, the "monarch of the home-stretch;" his grandsire, Major Edsall, 2:29; his great-grandsire, Alexander's Abdallah, 2:40, who trotted quarters in 36 seconds at Woodburn in stud condition; his great-great-grandsire, Hambletonian,

who trotted a three-year-old trial in 2:48 $\frac{1}{2}$ in 1852, when the world's record was 2:28.

Hambletonian's dam, the Charles Kent mare, was the fastest known produce of Imp. Bellfounder, and trotted under saddle in 2:41 when four years old, in 1837. Katy Darling, dam of Alexander's Abdallah, could beat 2:40 before she broke her ankle and was bred, and won scrub races afterwards. The dam of Major Edsall was, says the veteran Orange county breeder, Harrison Mills, "the gamest and best roadster I ever drove, which is saying a great deal," and, earlier in life, made one of the crack pole teams of the metropolis. American Star could trot in 2:40, although a confirmed cripple, and when 2:40 was considered extra fast.

Nancy Whitman's speed was never developed; she was bred when six years old, but was always considered one of the best of the Star mares before her produce vouched for her. On the maternal side, Mabel, Cresceus's dam, was bred as a three-year-old and never trained. But her sire, Mambrino Howard, 2:46 $\frac{1}{2}$, was a fast colt trotter. His sire, Mambrino Chief, trotted in 2:33 and had 2:20 speed, and was out of the Eldridge mare, who was a famously good roadster, as was Belle, Mambrino Howard's dam, Contention; Cresceus's grandam was wholly undeveloped and foaled his dam when but three years old. But she was by Allie West, 2:25, a champion colt trotter, son of Almont, 2:39 $\frac{3}{4}$, at four years, who

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frequently trotted quarters at a 2:20 gait after retirement to the stud. Almont's dam was the undeveloped Sally Anderson, by Mambrino Chief, and he was her only foal, but his grandam, Kate, had great speed at both the trot and pace. Pilot, Jr., her sire, could trot fast, and his sire, old Canadian Pilot, was a fast pacer. Of Victor notice is given above. If the question "where does the trot come from?" be asked of Cresceus, his pedigree leaves no uncertainty about the answer. He trots because he was born and bred to, and has been schooled to, and the great majority of his ancestors for generations before him, have, for half a century, often longer. His progenitors in every branch were selected and bred with scrupulous care, with the production of trotting speed as the one end in view. To-day Cresceus is their vindication.

Robert McGregor, the sire of Cresceus, died of the infirmities of old age on the morning of November 11, 1898, while Mabel, the dam of the champion, died October 14, 1898.

CHAPTER III



A. N. McELROY

THE CHAMPION'S COLTHOOD DAYS

THREE was nothing particularly startling or sensational about Cresceus as a yearling. In fact it is very doubtful if any person connected with Ketcham Farm at that time realized that the colt would develop into a champion. After his recovery from the attack of epizootic, that came so near ending his career, Cresceus began to grow, and he was soon one of the healthiest colts on the farm.

Along with a number of other colts he was broken, and began to receive his first lessons as a trotter. Tim Murnen, who gave him his first schooling, says that, like all colts, he was quite awkward, and it was several weeks before he began to show signs of learning how to trot. The blood of his long line of trotting ancestors, however, had given him as a legacy the

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trotting instinct, and when once the sorrel colt learned what was expected of him he quickly learned to trot.

At this early age he showed much of the courage and determination which have been his most distinguishing traits during his career upon the turf. There is a straightaway sandy track at Ketcham Farm, and it is doubtful if there is a more suitable place for the development of trotters in the entire country than this soft, springy, sand road, over which Cresceus received his early lessons. There was no "hurry up" methods used in training the colt; he was given many long, slow jogs over this sandy track, and his muscles were hardened and developed, without being strained or injured. Cresceus was admirably broken as a yearling, and to this fact can no doubt be attributed the splendid deportment and good manners of the present champion. Naturally a colt with a "good head," Cresceus was early taught that his trainers were his friends, and while he was made to understand that his trainers were his masters, he also learned that discipline and kindness went hand in hand. Cresceus was worked the winter he was coming two years old; was driven quite a little on the snow, and the youngster succeeded in beating the best of the Toledo horses, among them being the old-time pacing race horse, Charley Ford, $2:12\frac{1}{2}$. In these brushes on the snow path, Mr. Ketcham learned that the youngster possessed extreme speed, and supreme courage. These facts determined

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him to carefully train and develop the colt, in the hope that he might in time become a fast trotter.

When spring opened the colt was kept going on the straightaway sand track at the farm, and his speed was so pronounced that it was decided to start him in a couple of races as a two-year-old. He made two starts in 1896: at Circleville, Ohio, where Clausby won, beating Cresceus, Viola, J. W. C., Ethel Burns and Baron Belt; time 2:37 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:36 $\frac{1}{4}$; and also at Vienna, Michigan, where Cresceus won, beating a field of fifteen youngsters. These two races were both for two-year-olds; in each race Cresceus showed that he was evidently a colt of pretty high class, and Mr. Ketcham was fully convinced that when the youngster was fully matured and developed he would prove a race horse. He was returned to the farm, carefully wintered, and given an opportunity to grow and mature. During the winter he was worked steadily on the snow, and he won many a brush on the Toledo snow path. He showed such great bursts of speed on the snow that Toledo horsemen began to talk of "Ketcham's sorrel colt" and wondered how fast he could trot. During that winter Cresceus succeeded in taking the measure of many of the best horses in the city, and he soon got the reputation of being invincible on the snow. While Cresceus could at that time trot fast, he did not show the wonderful brush of speed that was one of his leading traits later on.

Early in June, 1897, Cresceus was started in a race

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for three-year-old trotters over the half-mile track at Toledo, and won, beating eight other horses. Up to this time Cresceus had not shown any great amount of racing quality, and Mr. Ketcham was hardly prepared to claim that the colt would prove a race horse. The annual summer meeting of the Tiffin Driving Club, in 1897, was announced, and Cresceus was entered in the 2:45 class trot for a purse of \$350. This race was his first start as a three-year-old and practically the beginning of his turf career. This race was trotted on July 7, and the horses entered were Cresceus, Unique, Billy Patterson, Patti G., Senator L., Keen Bill, and Lillie H. Cresceus seemed to learn the racing game very quickly, and Mr. Ketcham found that the colt scored well, came to his speed rapidly, and appeared to know just what was required of him. The race was simply an educational one, however, and was won by Unique in straight heats: time, 2:27 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:29 $\frac{3}{4}$ and 2:20 $\frac{3}{4}$. Cresceus made a nice showing, and was third to the winner. Two days later, on July 9, Cresceus started again in the 3-minute trot for a purse of \$300, against Matt B., Deck Miller, and Dawley Temple. The race was won in straight heats by Matt B., in 2:26 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:26 $\frac{3}{4}$, and 2:27 $\frac{3}{4}$, Cresceus winning second money. Feeling confident, after the performance of Cresceus in these two races, that the colt had a great deal of speed, Ketcham began to work him with the sole idea of so conditioning him as to carry his clip for the entire mile, and during that year (he was

then a three-year-old) he was worked heats of a mile and a half, but was never driven faster than a 2:30 clip, with one exception, and that was when he was being prepared for his race at Columbus, Ohio. He was then worked one mile in 2:20, but it took his life almost to go that well.

From Tiffin Cresceus was shipped to Springfield, Ohio, where, on July 13, in the 3-minute trot, he met Minnie McGregor, Marie D., Maynard J., Walter A. and S. B. This was one of the strongest and fastest fields of horses the colt had ever come in contact with, and it created some surprise when Cresceus trotted second each heat to Minnie McGregor in 2:23 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:22 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:26 $\frac{3}{4}$. The colt was close up each heat and acted as if he was an old and seasoned campaigner, capable of trotting as fast or faster than the winner, Minnie McGregor, a very good and game race mare.

A half hour later on the same afternoon Cresceus was started in the 2:29 trot against Senator L., Emily D., Bessie K. and Roman. He won the race very handily in straight heats, trotting in 2:29 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:26 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:25 $\frac{1}{4}$. His performance on that July afternoon over the Springfield half-mile track at once stamped him a most splendid piece of racing machinery and created a great deal of comment, both favorable and unfavorable, among racing men. Both of these races were apparently no detriment to the colt, as he was as fresh at the close of the last race as he was when the first race began.

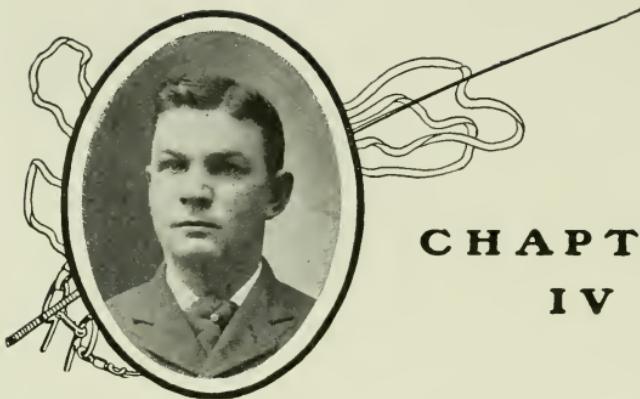
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Two days later, on July 15, the horsemen at Springfield were treated to another surprise, when it was announced that Ketcham had decided to start the great three-year-old in the 2:33 trot. Minnie McGregor won the event in straight heats in 2:21 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:23 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:23, but Cresceus was close up in second position each heat, and it was the opinion of the spectators that he could have beaten the mare if it had been thought advisable to allow him to step faster. All things considered, the three races trotted by Cresceus over the half-mile track at Springfield within the space of three days must always take rank as being among the most remarkable performances of the champion. These races proved his courage and staying powers, and Ketcham was more than ever convinced that Cresceus would prove a sensational race horse. After these three races it began to dawn upon the followers of the trotting turf that in the son of Robert McGregor Mr. Ketcham had a coming champion, and the fame of the sorrel colt began to spread.

Cresceus won his second race as a three-year-old at Circleville, Ohio, the following week, and once more demonstrated his high class as a race horse. He started in the 2:45 class for three-year-olds and met the following good field of young trotters: Senator L., Ethel Burns, Jack Miller, J. W. C. and J. S. C. He won with ease in straight heats in 2:21 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:22 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:21 $\frac{3}{4}$. Senator L. was the contending horse in each heat, and while he was close up each time, Cresceus had little

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trouble in winning. He once more showed in this race that he was a perfect race horse, and his gait, wonderful endurance and speed made him one of the leading attractions of the meeting. The field of colts that he beat at Circleville was among the best that had been seen on any half-mile track that year, and his victory was an extremely creditable one.



SCOTT HUDSON

CHAPTER IV

AT COLUMBUS AND FT. WAYNE

THE real test of Cresceus's ability as a race horse came at Columbus, Ohio, the following week, after his great race at Circleville, and grandly did the great young horse earn the right to take his place among the "Grand Circuiters." It was his first appearance in the "big ring," and while the fame of his performances on the half-mile tracks had to some extent preceded him, but few of the regular followers of the Grand Circuit paid much attention to the rather plain-looking sorrel colt which scored down for the word in the 2:20 trot.

Luxon had won a sensational race at Detroit just a few weeks before, and had shown such extreme speed that he was thought to have the race at his mercy. Pat Watson, the Pennsylvania trotter, had shown him-

self to be a good race horse, and the giant trotter, Eagle Flannagan, and the western gelding, Shadeland Norward, had both demonstrated their racing ability. The wise brigade selected Luxon to win, and the money was poured in on him until a small fortune was wagered on the race. It was not figured that Cresceus would cut any figure in the race, but the gallant youngster proved to be one of the chief factors in the splendid contest.

The field was a large one, and consisted of Cresceus, Pat Watson, Eagle Flannagan, Shadeland Norward, Kittie L., Replete, Agnes Morrell, Edmonia, Whisper, Charley G., Osben, Gunsaulus, Luxon, Altoona, Bourbon Riggs, Snow Ball and Scraps. Some difficulty was experienced in getting the big unwieldy field away in the first heat, but after several attempts the starter gave them the word, and they were off. Pat Watson got away in front, and he remained in the lead until the home-stretch was reached. Shadeland Norward and Cresceus were close up in the order named all the way, and they were right beside him when he reached home. Garvey began to urge Pat Watson along, and Mr. Ketcham was seen to be calling on the sorrel colt. "Look at that colt of Ketcham's step," yelled a man in the betting shed, and the crowd in the grand stand sprang to their feet and cheered. The colt challenged the big bay stallion as they headed home, and the stirring finish set the crowd wild with delight. The finish was a grueling one, and Garvey barely succeeded

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in landing Pat Watson under the wire a winner, in so close a finish that the audience thought it was a dead heat. The fractional time of the mile was :32 $\frac{1}{2}$, 1:07 $\frac{1}{2}$, 1:41 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$.

The second heat was fully as exciting as the first, and Cresceus made Pat Watson go the fastest heat of the race to win. They went to the half in 1:07, and Pat Watson was stepping almost to his limit as they went by the half-mile pole. Ketcham ranged Cresceus up alongside Watson as they rounded the back turn, and the race was a startlingly sensational one through the stretch to the wire. The crowd once more cheered as they watched the splendid finish, and went wild when Pat Watson won the second heat by a scant nose in 2:12 $\frac{1}{4}$. Eagle Flannagan and Kittie L. were just behind the leaders in third and fourth positions. The fractional time was :33, 1:07, 1:40, 2:12 $\frac{1}{4}$. Cresceus was the real hero of the race at the close of the second heat, and the regulars were wondering at the extreme speed shown by the great three-year-old. Pat Watson won the third heat and the race, and led throughout the mile, with Eagle Flannagan close up in second position, Cresceus finishing third, and the balance of the field strung out like the tail of a kite in 2:14. The high class shown by Cresceus in this race made him one of the most talked-of horses at the Columbus meeting, and hundreds of people congratulated Mr. Ketcham on the fine showing made by the colt.

Sensational as was Cresceus's performance at Colum-

bus, he fairly eclipsed it at Ft. Wayne, Ind., the following week, and at one bound earned world-wide fame and placed a world's record to his credit. At Ft. Wayne the trotting world realized that a new star had appeared in the trotting firmament, and the chestnut son of Robert McGregor showed that he was made of championship material. In one of the hardest fought eight-heat races ever seen on a trotting track in the United States Cresceus proved himself to be one of the grandest and truest trotting race horses of the year. It was in the 2:17 trot on August 10, and thirteen really high-class trotters scored down for the word. The talent had selected the Village Farm gelding, The Monk, as the winner, and he was in good demand with the smart set in the speculative quarters at good odds over the field, bringing \$50, against \$40 for the field. Cresceus was not figured on by the bettors to any great extent, and while his great race at Columbus the week previous had shown something of his form, he was not rated as having class enough to defeat the following great field of trotters: Eagle Flannagan, The Monk, Shadeland Norward, Major Ewing, Black Raven, Harry C., Curta, Espy Boy, Mackey, Whisper, Tuna and Katrina Belle. These horses represented the best in their class, and it would prove an interesting study to follow the career of them all, as they nearly all afterward became famous as race horses. This race proved to be one of the most remarkable trotting contests on record. It extended over

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two days and eight heats, and Cresceus won the last three heats in $2:12\frac{1}{4}$, $2:11\frac{1}{4}$, $2:11\frac{1}{4}$. His eighth heat, in $2:11\frac{1}{4}$, was the fastest ever trotted, while the seventh was but half a second away from the best on record, and he equaled the world's record for a three-year-old colt, but his performance was in a way far superior to the best previous record for a three-year-old in a race.

Eagle Flannagan won the first heat in a particularly creditable manner, literally snatching it away from Curta and Espy Boy in $2:15\frac{1}{4}$ in a very close finish. The Monk finished just behind the flag and Cresceus back in seventh position. Shadeland Norward won the second heat in $2:13\frac{1}{4}$, with Cresceus so close up in second position that he looked like the winner as they passed under the wire. Eagle Flannagan was away back in the rut in tenth position, and The Monk again last. The race began to look like a peculiar proposition, and there was a hurrying to and fro of the followers of the Village Farm gelding. Scott Hudson was very industrious with Eagle Flannagan in the third, and won the heat in $2:12\frac{1}{4}$; Cresceus was again safe in second position at the finish, but The Monk appeared to have more speed in this heat, and his backers began to feel easier when Geers finished up in the front tier in fifth position.

Geers was out for business in the fourth heat; he sent The Monk to the front, and won the heat in a hard drive through the stretch with Cresceus, Shade-

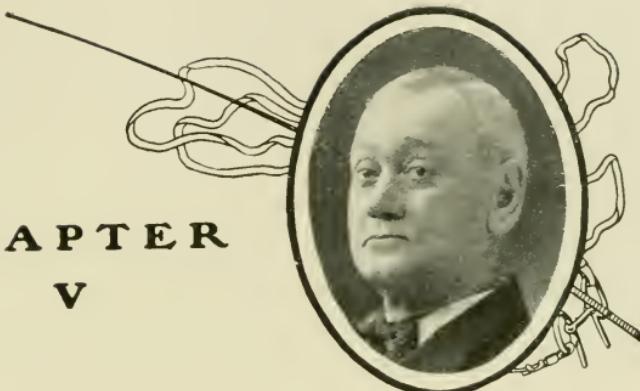
land Norward and Eagle Flannagan, but Cresceus was right there at the finish and was very cleverly landed in second position.

The Monk won the fifth heat in much the same manner, but Eagle Flannagan finished second, and Cresceus trailed the field home in tenth position. Darkness then came on, and the race was postponed until the next day. The Monk's winning in the fourth and fifth heats renewed the hopes of his followers, and when darkness fell over the track the betting was two to one on The Monk. The regular turf followers were guessing the next day, and while they felt almost certain that The Monk would finish up the race by winning the next heat, some of them went about with a doubtful air, and the speculators were a trifle wary in making investments. But The Monk found a new champion in the field when they scored down for the sixth heat, and Cresceus succeeded in convincing the audience that he was one of the really great trotters. The next three heats proved to be the most sensational performance ever seen on the turf. Cresceus was full of trot; Mr. Ketcham had only to allow him to have his head, and, like a conquering hero, he swept all before him. Cresceus took the lead, going away in the sixth heat, with Eagle Flannagan close up all the way to the home-stretch, where Flannagan made a break and Cresceus stepped home in $2:12\frac{1}{4}$. Geers raced the flying son of Robert McGregor all the way with The Monk in the seventh heat, but a steam engine would not have

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headed Cresceus that day, and he came steady and strong through the stretch and won the heat in $2:11\frac{1}{4}$. It was a wonderful mile, and the four thousand spectators cheered the grand three-year-old to the echo as he came jogging back by the stand. It was nothing but Cresceus throughout the mile in the eighth and closing heat. He won quite easily in $2:11\frac{1}{4}$, and was crowned the winner of the hardest fought eight-heat trotting race ever seen on the turf. At the close of the great race Cresceus and his driver were given a most magnificent ovation, and the delighted spectators cheered lustily when it dawned upon them that they had just witnessed a record-breaking performance, such as had never before been seen on any race track in the world. The time of the heats was as follows: $2:15\frac{1}{4}$, $2:13\frac{1}{4}$, $2:12\frac{1}{4}$, $2:12\frac{1}{4}$, $2:12\frac{1}{4}$, $2:12\frac{1}{4}$, $2:11\frac{1}{4}$, $2:11\frac{1}{4}$. The average time for the race was $2:12\frac{1}{4}$. It was a great race, grandly won by a grand colt; old circuit followers gazed at him in wonder, and pronounced him the greatest three-year-old trotter that had yet appeared.

CHAPTER V



FRANK HERDIE

CRESCCUS INVADES THE EAST

CRESCEUS made a long trip across the country from Indiana to Syracuse, N. Y., where at Kirk Park he trotted an extremely good race on August 18. The half-mile track at Kirk Park is not a particularly fast one, and a rain which had fallen two hours before the race was called did not put it in the best of condition, but it was hard and solid. On the strength of his great race at Ft. Wayne the week before, Cresceus was, of course, made a top-heavy favorite in the betting, and he did not disappoint his admirers. He won the event, which was a 2:22 class for trotters, in straight heats, and simply played with the field in each heat. The time was 2:18 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:19 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$. The third heat, in 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$, was the fastest third heat ever trotted by a three-year-old over Kirk

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Park track, and the fastest mile ever trotted by a three-year-old on a half-mile track in a race, and the colt was roundly cheered at the conclusion of the race. Cresceus made his next start at Readville, Mass., on August 28 in the 2:20 trot for a purse of \$1,000. In this race he simply played with a fast field of veteran trotters like Mediumwood, Edmonia, Charley G., All Day, Emily, Palm Leaf and others. It was a strong field, but Cresceus was fully equal to the task cut out for him, and he won the event in straight heats in 2:14 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:11 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:11 $\frac{1}{4}$. He equaled his Ft. Wayne record of 2:11 $\frac{1}{4}$ in the third heat, and showed that he was fully up to the form shown out in Hoosier land.

The coming champion then journeyed to Fleetwood Park, New York, where, in the three-year-old trot, on September 7, he met the Village Farm filly, American Belle, the sensational Thorn, the fast Fanny Foley, Timbrel and Honor Bright. Cresceus simply walked away with the race in straight heats, though American Belle was close up each heat. It was rather an easy race, however, for Cresceus, and he reeled off the three heats in 2:14, 2:15 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:18 $\frac{1}{2}$. A few days after his appearance at Fleetwood Cresceus unfortunately threw out a curb, and it was found necessary to lay him up during the next two weeks.

On September 21, at Portland, Me., he met defeat at the hands of American Belle. Cresceus won the first heat in 2:12, and was then beaten by American Belle in 2:12 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:14 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 2:16, being so badly disabled

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on account of the curb that he was unable to extend himself, although his splendid courage enabled him to struggle gamely through the race and finish second. Thus closed the champion's first campaign over the mile tracks, and he returned to his winter quarters at Ketcham Farm the most admired three-year-old trotter ever seen on the turf. He met and defeated some of the best fields of aged trotters of the year, and his victories were always clean cut and decisive. Whenever a three-year-old starts in a field of aged horses he starts heavily handicapped, but Cresceus was equal to the task laid out for him, and not until he met with an accident did the gallant three-year-old lower his colors. It would be very creditable for a three-year-old to trot against time in $2:11\frac{1}{4}$, but when in a hotly contested race, lasting through two days, one trots the eighth heat of a race in $2:11\frac{1}{4}$, it shows most wonderful stamina and speed.

No performance by a three-year-old can compare with that great, long drawn out eight-heat race at Ft. Wayne; even the three-year-old performance of *Directum* is cast in the shade, although the time was the same.

Cresceus closed the season the undisputed three-year-old champion racing stallion of the day. He proved himself to be the greatest three-year-old trotter of either sex, and had the world's eight-heat-race record to his credit. There had been three-year-old trotters of wonderful high class before Cresceus appeared, but

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none approached the son of Robert McGregor in gameness, extreme speed and racing ability. It is such accomplishments as these that win the admiration of the civilized world for the American trotter, and it is extremely doubtful if any horse has ever lived which has such a monumental testimonial to his stamina, courage and endurance. Week in and week out, from July until late in September, Cresceus battled against the best horses in the land, and throughout the entire season he never weakened or showed a disposition to shirk any of the duties imposed upon him. He started in twelve races during the season of 1897, won six of them and closed the season with a record of 2:11 $\frac{1}{4}$.

CHAPTER VI



JACK CURRY

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1898

THE campaign of Cresceus during the season of 1898, as a four-year-old, while a very creditable one, was not so brilliant or successful as the all-conquering one made by him as a three-year-old. After he was beaten by American Belle, at Portland, Me., late in September of 1897, he was shipped home to the farm. He was jogged all winter, and while he did not go lame, just before he was put into active training it was noticed that he was still troubled with the curb which he threw out the fall before. A prominent veterinary was called in, and after a thorough examination it was decided to fire the ailing leg. It was cross-fired thoroughly, and without laying him up an hour, he was placed in active training on the mile track at Columbus, Ohio. Cresceus made a heavy stud

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season at the farm before being taken to Columbus, which seemed to have a rather bad effect upon him, and he did not appear to take so kindly to the heavy work of training as he did the season before.

The weather was extremely warm at Columbus that spring and summer, particularly at night, and this appeared to have a very wearing effect upon him, and it was found almost impossible to keep him in the proper physical condition. He lost flesh steadily, and it was with many misgivings that Ketcham entered him at the Highland Park meeting early in July.

Cresceus made his first start of the season of 1898 at the meeting at Highland Park, Detroit, on July 13. It was in the 2:12 class trot for a purse of \$500. There were but three horses started in the event—Cresceus, E. W. L., Wayland W.—and the race was not a particularly exciting one. Cresceus did not appear to be up to the high class and form, and apparently had not the wonderful rush of speed that was his most striking characteristic during the preceding year. He was driven an easy mile in the opening heat of the first race, and the heat was won by E. W. L. in 2:20. He appeared to improve after the first heat, and in the second he won with ease in 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$. He repeated the trick in the third and fourth heats in 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$ and 2:14, and the campaign of 1898 was started with a victory to his credit.

At Cleveland, Ohio, July 27, Cresceus made his second start of the year, in the 2:12 trot, against

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Tommy Britton, Octavia, Pasonte, Pat Watson and Caryle Carne. Tommy Britton won the first and second heats in $2:10\frac{1}{2}$, $2:09\frac{3}{4}$, and he looked as if he had the race at his mercy. Cresceus, however, seemed to have recovered some of his former flight of speed in the third heat: he burst away with all the old rush of speed and won the heat in $2:09\frac{3}{4}$ reducing his record from $2:11\frac{1}{4}$ and making him a member of the $2:10$ class. He came back and won the fourth heat in $2:11\frac{3}{4}$, and then he was forced to surrender to Tommy Britton, who won the fifth heat and the race in $2:12\frac{1}{4}$. Cresceus was now a member of the coveted $2:10$ class, but his colors had been lowered by the Chicago stallion, Tommy Britton, a horse whose admirers were persistent in saying would prove a champion and lower all previous records held by trotting stallions.

At Columbus, Ohio, on August 5, Cresceus again started in the $2:12$ trot, and he met those fast campaigners, Eagle Flannagan, the Abbot, a trotter who was beginning to be talked about as a coming champion, Octavia, Pat Watson, Pasonte and May Fern. The race proved to be a battle between Eagle Flannagan and The Abbot. The big Eagle Bird gelding won the first heat in $2:09\frac{1}{4}$, after which the Abbot came on and won the second and third heats in $2:08\frac{1}{2}$, $2:08\frac{1}{2}$. These two fast miles, however, took considerable of The Abbot's steam, and Eagle Flannagan won the fourth and fifth heats and the race in $2:10\frac{1}{4}$, $2:12\frac{1}{4}$. Cresceus was a factor in the race, but he was not his old self, and he

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again met defeat, but it was not a disgraceful one, as it was plain to be seen that he was not in the proper physical condition to stand the strain of many fast miles.

Buffalo came next in the itinerary of 1898, and here, over the Ft. Erie track, Cresceus met his defeat by The Abbot, a horse which a few years later was destined to be his greatest rival. While both Cresceus and The Abbot were at this time both highly regarded by all followers of the trotters, it is doubtful if a single person who saw them both race that sultry afternoon in August ever even dreamed that the coming years would see these two horses the most famous trotters that the world ever knew. The Hamlin's were confident that The Abbot was a horse of extreme speed, and Mr. Geers had intimated that he thought the gelding would some day become a champion, but it is more than likely that the wish was father of the thought. Mr. Ketcham never lost faith in Cresceus, and regardless of the recent defeats that the colt had met with, he felt confident that the great young horse would redeem himself. It had been the dream of his life to own the fastest trotter in the world, and while he was certain that Cresceus would prove a sensational trotter, he had never even dared to whisper his hopes that the colt would become the champion.

On August 18 Cresceus made his fourth appearance of the season in the 2:12 trot against The Abbot, Pat Watson, Ruby, Hans McGregor and one other. The

Abbot won in straight heats in 2:12 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:14 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:13, Cresceus winning fourth money. Although clearly out of form, he made a good showing, and his defeat was not at all discreditable.

Cresceus was so plainly out of condition and in need of a let-up that upon the earnest solicitation of Jack Curry it was decided to ship him to Boston and give him several weeks of rest and careful attention. He was entered in the big Puritan stake for 2:10 class trotting stallions, to be trotted at the New England Breeders' meeting at Readville track, September 20. Many of the crack trotting stallions were entered in this big event, and Mr. Ketcham was extremely anxious to win this race with Cresceus before he was retired for the season. It was a grand field of horses, composed of Bingen, 2:06 $\frac{3}{4}$ (by the record the fastest trotter of the year), Gayton, Dan Cupid, Fred Kohl, Early Bird and Benton M. These horses were all high-class race horses, and had proved their worth in a number of grand turf battles. Bingen was thought to be the coming champion, and the entire New England country was peopled with his admirers. His owner, J. Malcolm Forbes, was a leader in all things pertaining to the light-harness horse, and thousands of his friends were present to cheer Bingen on to victory. On account of the splendid performance of Bingen in his last two races at Hartford and Rigby Park, he was the public choice, and the speculators were confident that victory would perch upon the banner of the son

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of May King. On tracks from Maine to Kentucky Bingen had been a money winner, but at Readville, the track in which his owner, Mr. Forbes, is particularly interested, the great young stallion had never been a winner. Twice he had been distanced there, and on two other occasions he had to be content with second money. Some of his admirers had begun to think the track was a "hoodoo" to the stallion, but they hoped that in this race the "spell" would be broken and he would carry off the honors in the big stallion race.

When the horses were called in the opening heat the spectators were about equally divided between Bingen and Dan Cupid as winners. The first heat Bingen won in rather hollow style, stepping up from fourth place at the half, outfooting Dan Cupid in the stretch, and fairly jogging home in $2:10\frac{1}{4}$, the fastest heat of the race. Cresceus finished back in fifth position, and the crowd concluded Bingen had the race as good as won. Bingen began to act badly, going into the turn in the second heat; Cresceus stepped up, and overhauling the leader, Gayton, at the head of the stretch, beat him out in $2:11\frac{1}{4}$. In the third Bingen was on his good behavior, stuck to the trot, and after Titer had nursed him along in the ruck past the half, he began his drive, and swinging into the stretch Bingen was at Cresceus's wheel. Cresceus made a gallant effort, but he was beaten, and Bingen won the heat in $2:12$. It now looked to be a sure thing for Bingen according to the admirers of the Boston stallion, and when Titer at-

tempted to make his drive and go around the leader in the fourth heat, Bingen made a break and was barely able to beat the flag, Cresceus winning in $2:12\frac{1}{4}$. The fifth heat proved to be the most exciting one of the race. Off they went, with the crowd shouting for Bingen. When the word was given Cresceus was at the pole, with Bingen on the outside. Around on the back-stretch Bingen broke and his friends threw up their hands in despair; he was out of it, they thought, but the horse got his feet again. Along he tore and was getting his position, when just coming into the stretch he broke again, but only for a second; he was on his feet again, and down the stretch he swept. Cresceus was all by himself, ahead of the bunch, trotting steady and true in his sturdy way. The crowd began to shout, Ketcham looked back over his shoulder, and there he saw the muzzle of the brown stallion creeping forward inch by inch. He touched Cresceus with the whip, and Titer did the same to Bingen. Oh, such a race! Along the horses struggled, the wire only fifty feet away, and Bingen gaining. Both drivers shout and exert themselves; they jerk and scream and ply the whip. The horses struggle heroically, and in a second they are under the wire, but Cresceus has a lead of six inches. It was a gallant struggle, and right nobly did the gallant son of Robert McGregor lower the colors of Bingen, the pride of all New England.

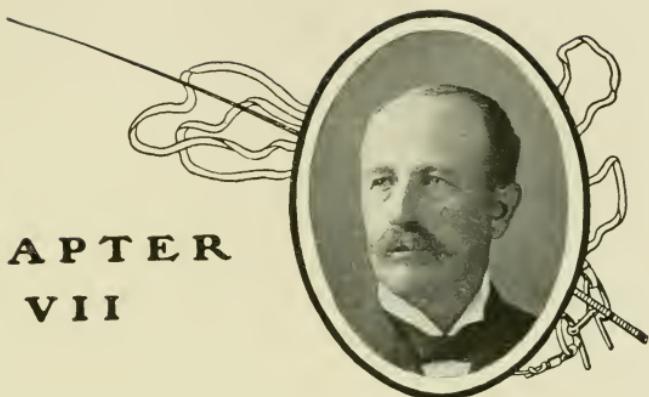
The heat was trotted in $2:11\frac{3}{4}$. For four out of the five heats trotted Cresceus fought valiantly, and when

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by sheer force of stubborn will and bull-dog pluck he held the lead, with a death grip in the final round, sufficiently long to land the heat and race by a head, there was not one spectator to his splendid struggle that begrudged him his well-earned victory.

This ended Cresceus's four-year-old campaign, and he returned to Ketcham Farm sound and victor crowned.

CHAPTER VII



GEO. W. SAUNDERS

HE BEATS DARE DEVIL

CRESCEUS grew and developed more than he ever had before at Ketcham Farm during the winter and spring of 1898 and 1899. He lost the colt look which had been so noticeable in his make-up and conformation during the racing season of 1898. He grew sturdy and strong; his muscular development was simply wonderful, and every line showed strength and power.

He was taken to the Cleveland mile track early in the season of 1899 and placed in active training for what proved to be one of the most memorable campaigns in the career of the champion. He had been jogged all winter at the farm, and Ketcham had enjoyed many brushes with the stallion on the snow path

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at Toledo. Cresceus always took kindly to the snow and appeared to thoroughly enjoy the sharp brushes.

These brushes on the snow and the steady jogging he got on the sandy roads at the farm had put the stallion in fine condition. His muscles were hard and firm, and he was carrying more flesh than ever before. Mr. Ketcham felt confident that the horse would make one of the greatest campaigns of his career, and he was given the most careful attention and preparation. A change was made in the manner of training him that spring, and subsequent events proved that this change was beneficial. It was learned while working him in his four-year-old form that it was not the proper thing to continue working him heats of a mile and a half each and get all of the speed out of him in races that was desired. He would always save too much reserve speed to go to the extra half-mile, and he would not come from the three-quarter pole home at a winning gait; so, as a five-year-old, he was not worked further than a mile, and when he reached the wire was stopped and not allowed to go any further. After being worked this way for a few days he would trot the mile as fast as desired. This change in the manner of working him had a very perceptible effect for the better, and he rapidly trained into excellent condition.

Cresceus made his initial start in the campaign of 1899 at Cleveland, Ohio, July 28, in the 2:10 class trot; purse, \$3,000. It was a grand field of horses which scored down for the word that July day, and

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a great audience was present to see this particular race trotted. Elloree, the beautiful Axtell mare, the pride of the city of Cleveland, was to start, and the fast mare had as many admirers, probably, as any horse at that time on the turf. Belle J., a fast trotter who came out of the West and won fame as a great race mare, was another starter, while those fast horses—Tommy Britton, Battleton, Caracalla, Gayton, Monterey, Oakland Baron and Cresceus—made up the balance of the starters. The race proved to be a battle royal, and developed into a six-heat struggle. Elloree finally won, but not until Tommy Britton had won the first and second heats in 2:10, 2:12 $\frac{1}{4}$. The Illinois stallion then gave way before the awful rush of speed of Cresceus, who won the third heat in 2:10. Elloree won the next three heats and the race in 2:08 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:10 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:12. Cresceus, while not the winner, was, as usual, a strong factor in the race, and showed that he was in fine condition, only needing a few fast miles to properly stay him up.

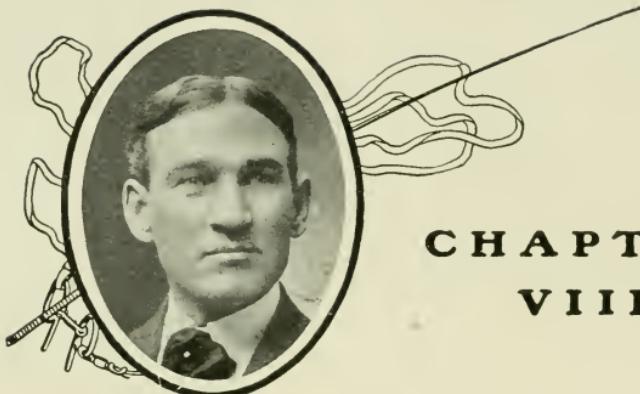
The following week, on August 4, at Columbus, Ohio, he made his second start of the year in the 2:10 class trot. In this race he met Tommy Britton, Elloree, Bouncer, Pilatus, Caracalla and Louise Mac. Tommy Britton won in the event in straight heats in extremely fast time—2:08 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:08 $\frac{1}{4}$. This was, at the time, the three-heat-race record for trotting stallions, and while Cresceus lost the race, he was second the first two heats, and trotted one of the fastest

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and best races of his career. This race did Cresceus much good, and keyed him up in fine style for his splendid race at Glens Falls, N. Y., on August 15, in which he beat in grand style the Hamlin crack Dare Devil.

It was the first time that the Ohio champion had been pitted against the pride of the Hamlin stable. The friends of Cresceus believed that he would prove equal to the task cut out for him, and subsequent events proved that their confidence had not been misplaced. Dare Devil was made the favorite on the strength of his good winning race against Gayton at Buffalo the week previous. Cresceus was thought to be good for a mile in about 2:10, but nobody dreamed that he was fast enough to trot a mile faster than any stallion had trotted that year, and he had few backers. The field embraced such trotters as Gayton, Louise Mac, Belle J., Oakland Baron and Caracalla, and was one of the strongest that had up to that date faced a starter in the 2:10 class. Starter McElroy got the bunch of ten flyers away on the first score, Caracalla having the pole. It was not until they had gone around the upper turn and up the back stretch that the real contestants flashed to the front. A little way past the half-mile pole Ketcham called on the son of Robert McGregor, and Cresceus quickly assumed the lead. Scott Hudson was after him with the great little mare, Louise Mac, and the finish was between these two. But Cresceus won quite handily, trotting his mile in 2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$, thereby cut-

ting a quarter of a second from the record he had gained as a four-year-old in 1898. Dare Devil was apparently not moved for the front in the heat, and he still sold in the auction pools at even money with Cresceus, after finishing in eighth position. It was apparent that the driver of Dare Devil was out for the money in the second heat, and the contest which ensued was a stirring one. When Geers made his drive in the home-stretch Dare Devil displayed great speed, outfooting all the fielders and getting up to almost even terms with Cresceus, as Ketcham urged the stout-hearted McGregor stallion toward the goal with whip, voice and rein. It was a thrilling finish, evoking wild cheers from the spectators. Cresceus proved to be too fast and too game for the son of Chimes, for he stalled off Dare Devil's rush in gallant style, beating him by a safe margin. There was more cheering when Starter McElroy announced that the mile had been trotted in 2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$, a new record for the great Ohio stallion. Dare Devil did not come back so savagely after the second heat, and Cresceus was able to land the deciding heat in 2:09, after a battle with Belle J. and Gayton. It was a great race, splendidly fought out in each heat, and Cresceus added much to his fame as a race horse by this decisive defeat of the pride of the Hamlin stable.



GEO. SPEAR

CHAPTER VIII

CRESCÆUS DEFEATS DARE DEVIL AGAIN

CRESCEUS journeyed from the beautiful little city at the foot of the Adirondacks to Boston, the city of culture, that great New England metropolis where the American trotter enjoys so much popularity. His fame as a race horse had preceded him, and there was a splendid audience present at Readville track on August 24, when Cresceus again tried conclusions with the Buffalo stallion and the following field: Alcidalia, Gayton, Monterey, Oakland Baron, Louise Mac and Benton M. The track was not in extra condition, and was at least three seconds slower than the fast course at Glens Falls was the day that Cresceus trotted his great mile in 2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$. Considering the track the race was a fast and phenomenal one. The rivalry between the followers of Cresceus and Dare

Devil was very keen ; there was much speculation upon the event, and when the horses appeared on the track ready for the word each candidate was applauded liberally. They got away in nice style and quickly, and each horse was trotting like the wind when the word was given. Oakland Baron, the fast son of Baron Wilkes, cut out the work to the quarter, but he broke, and his driver took him to the outside. Now Dare Devil and the California stallion, Monterey, were in the lead, going head and head, with Alcidalia laying just behind them. Dore pulled out with Alcidalia at the half-mile pole, and she raced past them with a fine burst of speed. Ketcham was content to trail behind the field with Cresceus and allow them to do the racing in this heat. Alcidalia now had a comfortable lead, and it looked as if she would certainly win the heat, but Dare Devil came with a rush that would not be denied, and he had New England's queen beaten at the short distance in $2:10\frac{1}{2}$. When they got the word in the second heat Ketcham had Cresceus going fast, and he set out to capture the lead. It seemed almost certain that Cresceus would soon be in front, as he was going very fast and was trotting steady and true, but suddenly he made a break, went off his feet and dropped back. Oakland Baron was in front, with Benton M. in second place; Dare Devil and Alcidalia were together a length behind the second horse. Oakland Baron had two lengths the lead at the half, but at that point Dare Devil began to move, and Alcidalia was

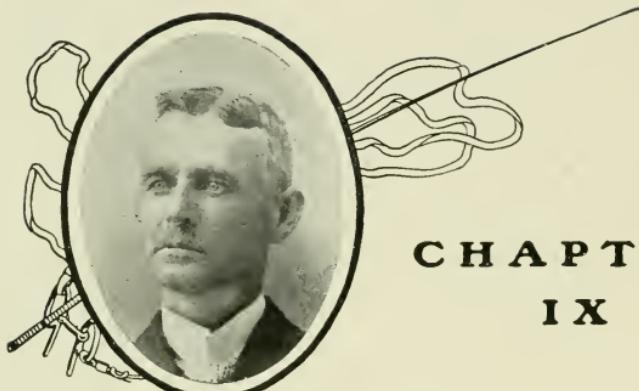
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right with him. Monterey came with a rush and ranged up alongside the leaders, but he broke and fell back.

Cresceus was once more a factor at this stage, but was well back of the leaders. Dare Devil began to pull away from Alcidalia, and Cresceus was trotting very fast in an effort to overhaul the big brown stallion. He headed Alcidalia at the distance stand and was rapidly overhauling Dare Devil, but he could not quite reach Dare Devil, who won the heat in $2:10\frac{3}{4}$. Cresceus won the third heat as he liked, Mr. Geers having laid Dare Devil up on account of the bad start made in this heat; time, $2:10\frac{1}{4}$. They were fairly well bunched when the word was given in the fourth heat, with Gayton right at the neck of Cresceus. Dare Devil was in behind the pair, with Oakland Baron on the outside. They made a pretty bunch to the head of the stretch, but there Gayton broke. At this point Mr. Geers began his drive with Dare Devil, but try as hard as he could, he did not gain perceptibly on Cresceus, who was trotting with apparent ease. Dare Devil finally jumped off his feet, and Cresceus won the heat by a length or more, without being urged, in $2:10\frac{1}{4}$. The final heat was the fastest in the race, and Cresceus was in front every inch of the way after the first turn was reached. Dare Devil laid in behind him all the way, but he was wobbling and finally went off his feet on the upper turn. Cresceus was trotting fast, and came under the wire the winner in $2:10$. Cresceus gave the

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Buffalo crack a fair field and then fairly smothered him with speed, and there was no longer any question about his being the superior of the much-heralded Village Farm stallion.



JAMES GOLDEN

CHAPTER IX

AT HARTFORD AND NEW YORK

BEAUTIFUL Charter Oak Park, at Hartford, Conn., was the scene of Cresceus's next contest, and while he met defeat at the hands of the veteran campaigner, Captain Jack, his showing was a good one. There is no denying the fact that in this race the great young stallion was not in the best of form, and he was forced to succumb after five hard heats, all of them right around 2:10.

It was in the 2:10 trot, and he met Captain Jack, Dare Devil, Alcidalia, Gayton, Oakland Baron, Louise Mac and Belle J. This field of horses were all tried and seasoned campaigners, and were recognized by all race followers as a hard bunch to beat.

It was with many misgivings that Cresceus was started in the event, as it was felt that his condition

hardly warranted the risk of starting him in a race. Starting him meant that he must battle in each heat if he succeeded in securing any part of the money. Cresceus met defeat, but, as usual, he was one of the chief contestants, and trotted the fastest heat of the race. Dare Devil won the first heat in $2:10\frac{1}{2}$, and then Cresceus turned the tables on the field and won the second, trotting it splendidly in $2:09$. His condition was such, however, that he was not able to withstand the strain of three more hard heats, and that sturdy old trotter, Captain Jack, won the next three heats and the race. Never during the entire career of Cresceus has it been necessary to apologize for Cresceus. He was sometimes beaten, but never in any of his races was he ever disgracefully beaten, and while he went down in defeat before Captain Jack at Hartford, yet his admirers were stanch and true, and never wavered in their support of the consistent son of Robert McGregor.

Following Hartford came the opening meeting at Empire City track, New York. The late Hon. W. H. Clark had, with an enterprise that challenged the admiration of the entire harness horse world, built one of the most complete and beautiful race courses in the world. Every admirer of the light harness horse was deeply interested in the success of the initial meeting to be held at the new track, and hundreds of prominent horsemen journeyed from all parts of the country to attend the meeting.

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The meeting opened on September 4, and the day marked the return of New York to the Grand Circuit ranks. It was the day of days to the metropolitan roadite and horse enthusiast; the day when the \$800,000 Empire City Track, the finest in the world, opened to the public, and a new lease of life should be guaranteed clean turf sport along the light harness line to Greater New York. Words can scarce tell of the magnificent success the opening day was. A heavy thunder-storm Sunday night threatened to cause a postponement, but Monday dawned clear as a bell, with that crisp fall atmosphere which causes the blood to fairly dance in one's veins. It was a drying wind, which aided old Sol to prepare the upper layer of the track for the various processes to which the veteran Seth Griffin subjected it, and by eleven o'clock horses were reeling off work-out miles around 2:10 over it. A good-natured holiday crowd it was, with appetites whetted for the races to follow.

Nearly every person of prominence in the horse world was present: David Bonner, the Nestor of New York horsemen, was a conspicuous figure on the club-house veranda. Col. Lawrence Kip was there, and so was Gen. John H. Shultz. John Shepard, one of the most loyal of the old-timers, came down from Boston to add his presence to the great throng; Cicero J. Hamlin, the veteran breeder, was a guest at the club house, and he found little comfort personally in the day's racing, as he saw his leading stallion go

down in defeat before the superior prowess of Cresceus, the mighty Buckeye champion. Hon. Dan J. Campau, the distinguished politician and horseman of Detroit, and others equally as well-known in the horse world were among the guests. Ten thousand people packed the grand stand, the club house, the lawn and the betting ring, and the glorious weather helped to make the occasion enjoyable.

The opening event on the card was the Manhattan \$5,000-stake for free-for-all trotting stallions. It was the first free-for-all trot for stallions that had been seen on the turf in recent years, and the interest and enthusiasm was very great. Eight of the best bred and fastest stallions in America were to do battle for honor and glory and a magnificent purse. Cresceus, Charley Herr, Askey, Benton M., Bingen, Oakland Baron, Monterey and Dare Devil made up the field, and as each horse appeared before the stand the great audience scanned them eagerly, and feasted their eyes upon these kings of the American turf. Bingen, the pride of all New England, came out, looking fine as a fiddle. His brown coat shone like satin, and he was roundly applauded. He was the favorite, and was expected to carry the colors of his owner to victory. Cresceus, the grand young stallion from the Buckeye state, came next, and while a few of his loyal followers greeted him with hand clapping, there were not many in that vast throng who gave him more than a passing notice. Bingen was the hero; the crowds

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saw only the hero, and Cresceus jogged back and forth with probably the least attention of any of the stallions. Monterey, the big burly light chestnut stallion from California, was one of the best looking horses in the bunch. Charley Herr, with John Kelley up behind him, appeared. He looked coltish, old-fashioned and level-headed and seemed to know nothing but trot. The Kansas-bred stallion Askey, a long-necked, long-bodied brown horse, symmetrical of form, was another of the candidates that caught the eye of all observers. Dare Devil, who had recently gone down before Cresceus, looked stale and jogged lame. Askey also nodded and Benton M. was distinctly lame.

At last they were lined up for the word, and there was repeated scoring before Starting Judge Frank Walker got them properly aligned, and gave them the word. Oakland Baron drew the pole, and just as the horses got the word "Go" Cresceus made a losing break which left him four or five lengths behind the leaders. The pole horse held his position in the lead around the first turn and half way up the back-stretch. Bingen was at his wheel all the way, however, and when his driver once got him straightened out in the back-stretch the favorite held Oakland Baron safe, and he was two lengths in front as he struck the upper turn. Meanwhile Askey, Cresceus, and Charley Herr had closed on Oakland Baron and given him the go-by. They swung round the upper turn all in a bunch. Coming into the home-stretch Titer drove wide with

Bingen, and, before he knew it, Tanner had shot Askey up at the pole, while Cresceus and Charley Herr were closing on the favorite on the other side. Titer attempted to rouse him, but Bingen went to a break and was quickly out of the hunt. With Bingen disposed of Ketcham had but to sit still and allow Cresceus to have his head to beat the other two horses to the wire. Cresceus came down the stretch in commanding style, and won as he pleased in 2:10 $\frac{1}{4}$, the first mile ever trotted in a race over the new track. Bingen's showing in the opening heat sent his backers to the hedge, and they deserted the untrustworthy stallion, who was inclined to quit, and flocked to the standard of Cresceus. It was just another case of "The king is dead, long live the king," and the brilliant young Ohio stallion was installed as the favorite at \$100 to \$40.

The audience applauded Cresceus when the horses appeared for the second heat, and they at last began to realize that he was the real hero of the race. Askey had warmed out of his lameness when they scored down for the second round. Dare Devil, on the contrary, was so lame that he had to be drawn. The original favorite broke repeatedly in scoring this time, causing horsemen who knew him well to say: "It's not Bingen's day. They've got him beat right now." And so it turned out. Bingen broke, stood still, struck a pace, stood still again, shifted back to the trotting gait and went on again nearly a furlong behind his

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field. Cresceus, too, made a break before reaching the turn, but he recovered quickly, losing only a couple of lengths, and his position at the pole. Benton M. snatched the inside track, sprinting away with his nose in front as the horses rounded the lower turn. Charley Herr overhauled the white-faced sorrel stallion a little way up the back-stretch, and took the lead and the pole before the half-mile pole was passed. Round-ing the upper turn, Cresceus closed on the Kentucky stallion and was up to even terms as the pair swung into the home-stretch. Kelley had a whip in one hand, and a scraper in the other, and he used them both when he called on honest little Charley Herr in the home-stretch. Charley Herr was quickly seen to be overmatched. Cresceus simply trotted at ease, coming through the stretch with a stroke that was the perfec-tion of trotting action. Ketcham never made a move to drive the son of the old "Monarch of the Home-stretch," and he completed his mile in the remarkable time of $2:07\frac{1}{4}$, duplicating his great mile at Glens Falls. Many watches in the hands of competent timers caught the mile in $2:06\frac{3}{4}$, and it showed that Cresceus was even then beginning to show championship form. He trotted the last quarter in $31\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, and once safely out in the lead Ketcham talked him back to within one hundred and fifty feet of the wire, which demonstrated that he could have gone faster had he been forced to do so. It was a great race, and Cresceus and his driver were given a great ovation at the con-

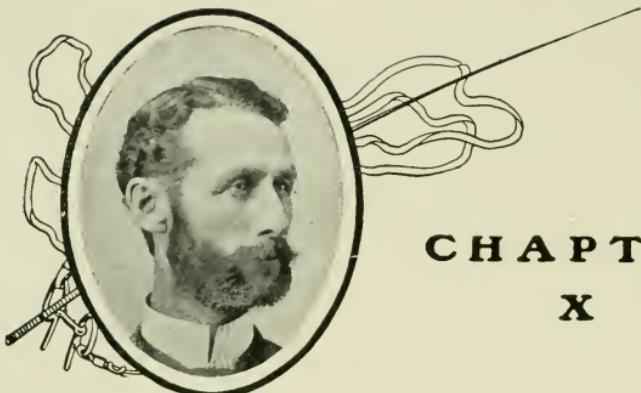
C R E S C E U S , 2 : 0 2 $\frac{1}{4}$

clusion of the winning heat. The fractional time of the heats was :33 $\frac{3}{4}$, 1:04 $\frac{1}{4}$, 1:37 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:10 $\frac{1}{4}$, :32 $\frac{1}{2}$, 1:03 $\frac{1}{4}$, 1:36, 2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$.

Having disposed of the lordly Dare Devil, the brilliant Bingen, and all of the other crack 2:10 trotters, Cresceus traveled away from the effete east, and made his next stand at Indianapolis.



CHARLES TANNER



W. O. FOOTE

CHAPTER X

IN HOOSIER LAND AND OLD KENTUCKY

FRESH from his triumphal trip through the east, and honor-crowned by his successive defeats of Dare Devil, Bingen, Oakland Baron, Gayton, Louise Mac, and all of the other famous 2:10 trotters through the Grand Circuit, Cresceus reached Indianapolis ready to do battle with the free-for-all trotters in the Hoosier capital. The free-for-all trot failed to fill, however, and a match was arranged between the stalwart young gladiator, and the celebrated John Nolan, a horse which had earned a wide reputation as a fast trotter, and good race horse. The race took place on September 22, and Cresceus proved an easy winner. The race was best two in three and Cresceus simply played with the big son of Prodigal in 2:09, 2:10 $\frac{1}{2}$. The race

was simply a walk-over for Cresceus; John Nolan merely acted as a pace-maker, and did not appear to have speed enough to make the chestnut stallion extend himself.

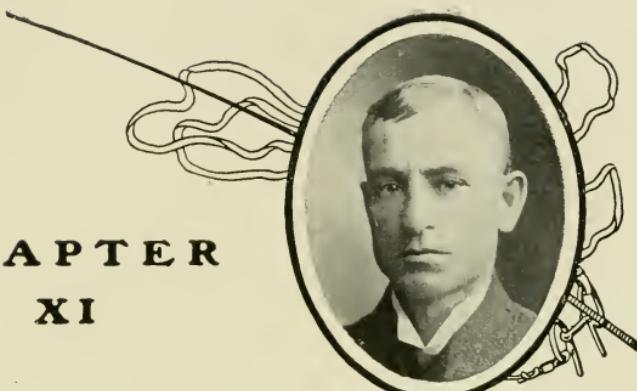
The great Kentucky Breeders' Association Meeting at Lexington, Ky., was the scene of Cresceus's next race. The Lexington Association, in the hope of bringing together all of the most sensational trotters of the year, had offered a purse of \$2,000 for free-for-all trotters. It was hoped to bring into the contest the greatest and most sensational field of trotters ever seen on a race track in America. In point of numbers the race was a disappointment, as only three horses remained in the event, The Abbot, Bingen and Cresceus, but from a racing standpoint it proved to be one of the best and fastest races of the year. The Abbot had shown rare form throughout the season, and was regarded as the coming champion. Bingen had shown such extreme speed that, regardless of his poor showing during the preceding weeks, many regarded him as a certain winner. Cresceus was also highly regarded, and his admirers knew that he would give a good account of himself, even if he failed to win the race. The entire horse world was gathered at Lexington that October day when the three greatest trotters of the year appeared to do battle over the famous Kentucky course. The audience knew the race would be a duel to the death between these great trotters, and the excitement and enthusiasm was intense. All

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present knew that the race would be one of the greatest of a sensational year, and they were not disappointed. The star of the great Village Farm, the brilliant New England champion and the stalwart young Buckeye hero met that autumn day, and engaged in a battle which will always live in turf history as a battle of kings.

Bingen won the first and second heats in $2:07\frac{1}{4}$ and $2:09$, and the superb Cresceus was a close second each time. The Abbot had apparently not been moved in earnest in the opening heats, but he stepped away from his rivals, and won the third heat from Bingen in $2:07\frac{1}{4}$, with Cresceus back in third position. He repeated the performance in the fourth and fifth heats, winning in $2:08\frac{1}{4}$, $2:10\frac{1}{4}$. Cresceus was second to the Chimes gelding in each heat, and while he did not succeed in snatching victory away from the winner, he proved that in point of speed, courage and racing ability he was the equal of either The Abbot or Bingen. This race ended his campaign of 1899, and he returned to winter quarters sound and vigorous, with a reputation as a race horse second to no living trotter. He retired with a record of $2:07\frac{1}{4}$, one of the most likely candidates for championship honors. It was a grand campaign, full of honors, in which, in the most decisive manner, he met and conquered nearly all of the best horses of the year.

CHAPTER XI



GEO. W. WEST

THE FAMOUS CAMPAIGN OF NINETEEN HUNDRED

CRESCEUS pursued the even tenor of his way at Ketcham Farm during the winter and spring of 1899 and 1900; a roomy box stall, plenty of light, air, wholesome food, and the regular quota of light jogging on the sandy roads and the snow paths. He grew and developed and waxed more sturdy and strong as the long winter days passed by. Many noted matrons came to his embrace, and his stud season closed early before his active training opened. In the early spring he was taken to the Cleveland track where he was trained and prepared for what proved to be one of the most splendid and successful campaigns of his great career. While at Cleveland he was not worked any fast miles, and the fastest workout he received there before he went to Pitts-

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burgh to open his 1900 campaign was one mile in 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$. He took to his work splendidly, and early showed that he was a much-improved horse, and had increased speed and endurance. There had always been considerable speculation among horsemen as to the quality of Cresceus and Tommy Britton as race horses, and a spirit of friendly rivalry sprang up between the two great trotters. Tommy Britton was thought to be directly in line for championship honors; he had shown so much extreme speed ever since his first appearance on the turf that the handsome son of Liberty Bell was thought by his many admirers to be a faster and better horse than Cresceus. The followers of the son of Robert McGregor were equally positive that he could beat Tommy Britton. In order to settle the controversy a match race was arranged between them to be trotted over the new mile track on Brunot's Island, Pittsburgh, on July 4. It was early in the season, and many horsemen thought it to be a very unwise move to ask these two great horses to trot a race at that early date. It was not thought that either of them was in proper condition to go any fast miles, but the wonderful ability of Cresceus as a race horse was hardly realized at that time, and the splendid manner in which he won this match proved that he was one of the greatest horses of his day. Cresceus won the race in the most decisive manner, trotting two consecutive heats in 2:10 which was the fastest race ever gone by a stallion at that time of

the year. The friends of Tommy Britton were confident he would defeat Cresceus, and the fact that the race was best two in three was thought to be very favorable to the Chicago stallion. Britton was said to be in the best of fettle, having trotted an eighth of a mile in fourteen seconds, a 1:52 gait, the morning before the race, and was thought to have the race at his mercy. Yet Cresceus put it over him at every stage of the game, and in each of the heats the finish was an affair of one horse only, Britton being very palpably out of it, sometime before the wire was reached.

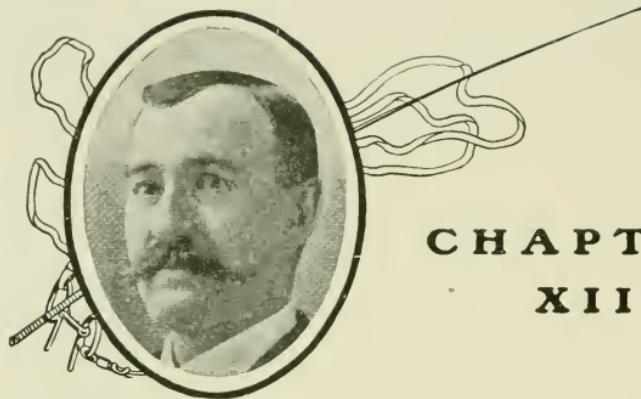
It rained in the evening before the race and on the morning of the race the track was slippery with mud. Horses were worked on the outside of it, however, and by afternoon it looked to be in first-class shape. It was late in the afternoon when Cresceus and Britton appeared on the track ready for the race. They had been warmed up, and the way Britton stepped through the home-stretch showed he was not short of speed, no matter what else troubled him. Cresceus was placid and steady as usual, and so great was the difference between his rather lumbering gait and Britton's showy way of going that it really looked as though the two stallions were not in the same class. A stringent anti-betting law in Pennsylvania prevented any public speculation on the race, but in what little private wagering was done there was far more Britton money in sight than could be taken care of. All the trainers at the track, and all the wise people were on Britton.

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Cresceus drew the pole for the opening heat and after a couple of scores they were sent away on even terms. On the first turn Britton made one of his rushes, and in a twinkling had the track, and as he flashed past the quarter in 32 seconds it looked as though Cresceus was not going to be able to head him. The same clip was maintained up the back-stretch, the call at the half being 1:04, and at that point Britton was a clear length to the good and apparently going easy to himself. His clock-like stride carried him to the turn in a jiffy, but as the pair passed the three-quarter pole in 1:38, Cresceus had quickened his gait and his nose was at Britton's wheel. Ketcham was urging Cresceus slightly, but it was nothing like a hard rally, and under it he crept up on Britton until half way down the home-stretch he was nearly on even terms with the brown stallion. Then West went to work very industriously on Britton, and for a few strides the two stallions swept along on even terms. At the long distance Cresceus had Britton "by the neck," as a horseman says, and those who knew the two horses were confident he would win. The brown horse hung to him for an instant, but Cresceus was trotting in bull-dog style while Britton seemed to falter. A few feet further and he had quit in earnest in spite of West's urging with bit and line, and from there to the wire it was Cresceus all by himself in 2:10, everybody seeing the race was as good as over although another heat was to be trotted.

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It took place half an hour later and was short and sweet. They were away on the third score, but this time Britton did not trot around Cresceus on the turn. The first quarter was in $:32\frac{3}{4}$, and up the back-stretch they trotted at a terrible clip, the half being reached in $1:03\frac{3}{4}$. They traveled practically as a team over this part of the route, but on the upper turn Cresceus put on a little more steam and drew away from Britton. The three-quarters were reached in $1:36$, but just as they turned into the home-stretch West stopped making an earnest drive with Britton, realizing that he was beaten and at the finish Cresceus was actually pulled up to a jog, and yet the mile was in $2:10$, the final quarter being trotted at only a $2:24$ gait. It was claimed by the friends of Britton that the track did not suit the stallion, and the footing bothered him so that he was not able to do himself justice. This claim, however, did not affect in any way the splendor of Cresceus's victory, as it only proved his ability to race gamely and well on any sort of track. Cresceus's victory at Pittsburgh was an auspicious opening of the great campaign of 1900, which was one series of triumphs.



N. W. HUBINGER

CHAPTER XII

THE GREAT 2:08 TROT AT CLEVELAND

CRESCEUS returned to Cleveland after the victory over Tommy Britton at Pittsburgh, in rare good condition, took kindly to his work, and after two weeks of careful training he was fit and ready to trot one of the grandest races ever seen on the turf. This race took place at Cleveland on July 23, 1900, and created one of the distinct sensations of the year. It was the opening day of the Grand Circuit meeting, and with the advent of the new century Cresceus came to the front the winner of the greatest race of the season, succeeded in breaking all previous records, and trotted the fastest mile ever before trotted over the Cleveland track. No fairer, more beautiful day could have been desired for record-breaking racing, and many thousands were in attend-

ance. The full contingent of race followers were all on hand, and these, added to the elite of Cleveland society, made up a gathering that represented the wealth and beauty of many states. The weather was perfect and the track in splendid condition. The feature of the day was the 2:08 trot, and it proved to be one of the most splendid races known to racing annals. The star performers, Cresceus, John Nolan, Tom Britton, Kingmond—the real hero of the M. and M. stake the year previous—and Charley Herr, made up a field of the highest class trotters that had been seen on any track that year. There was heavy betting on the event, and the first selling was John Nolan, \$100; Cresceus, \$50; Kingmond, Tommy Britton and Charley Herr, \$5 each, and Grattan Boy, \$7. Just before the race a number of tickets were sold which read, "John Nolan, \$1,000; field, \$800." The Hubinger brothers, those famous plungers of the trotting turf, who formerly owned John Nolan, had great faith in the son of Prodigal, and bought many pools on him, being the chief takers of the largest ones. There were just as many field tickets, and the auctioneer did not have to urge the crowd to buy, bets being taken so fast as to make the uninitiated turn dizzy to see the way the money changed hands. There was also a heavy play in the books on Cresceus for place, and as Andy Welch marked the odds up at even money, he remarked to the crowd that this was an opportunity of a lifetime, for Cresceus would never be marked up at even money

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for place again. This statement was prophetic. How true his words is shown by the after career of the champion.

The audience evidently expected fast work; a hush fell over the great gathering as the field of fast trotters scored down for the word; they were not disappointed, as the race was a truly magnificent exhibition in every sense of the word, and stamped Cresceus as a lion-hearted giant among the trotters. In the opening heat Tommy Britton drew the pole; Charley Herr second, Grattan Boy third, John Nolan fourth, Kingmond fifth, and Cresceus on the extreme outside. They scored down several times before they got the word with all of the horses on their stride and going fast. Cresceus was going the long mile on the outside of the track, up to the half; it was Britton and Grattan Boy fighting for the place as they rounded the first turn; in these positions they remained until the three-quarters was reached, where Grattan Boy had secured the lead. Down the stretch they swept, in one of the hottest finishes between Cresceus and Grattan Boy ever seen on any track. The audience was enthused; there were cries from the stand that Grattan Boy would win; and then it was Cresceus! Within twenty-five feet of the stand Cresceus put on an extra spurt of speed and landed under the wire the winner, amidst the greatest enthusiasm, and the cheers of the audience. The mile was a most remarkable one, as Cresceus at no time was in better than fourth

position during the entire mile, trotting all around his field. The fractional mile was :31, 1:04, 1:35 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:07 $\frac{1}{2}$.

The second heat proved still more sensational; Cresceus, seemingly fresher and better than ever, led them a killing mile, and was never in danger throughout the route. Cresceus stepped away like a runaway horse, and Tommy Britton went with him to the quarter in 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, and then dropped out of the hunt. When Cresceus went to the half in 1:02 $\frac{1}{2}$ the audience arose en masse, horsemen clicked their watches and looked surprised as the great trotter came on faster and faster, and when 1:34 $\frac{3}{4}$ flashed from the timer's stand as he passed the three-quarter pole everybody knew the mile would be sensational. The others were trailing far behind from the three-quarters, and as they came around the back turn Cresceus was leading by seven lengths. When they came down the home-stretch Foote had John Nolan going at the top of his speed, but he might as well have tried to have caught the Empire State Express as to catch Cresceus, the chestnut stallion passing under the wire six lengths to the good, pulled up in 2:06 $\frac{3}{4}$. The audience was standing on its feet, hats were waving, men cheered themselves hoarse, and as Cresceus was driven back to the stand after the race he was accorded one of the grandest receptions ever given a horse. From any point of view this race can be classified as one of the greatest in the history of the light-harness horse, and stamped Cresceus as the greatest of his kind.



ROY MILLER

CHAPTER XIII

THE GREAT STALLION RACE AT COLUMBUS

GREAT as was the victory won by Cresceus at Cleveland, he rose to still greater achievements at Columbus, Ohio, the week following. He met and defeated Grattan Boy, Charley Herr and Dare Devil in the greatest stallion race ever trotted.

The Columbus Association had offered a purse of \$5,000 for free-for-all trotting stallions, and the event was looked forward to by all lovers of the light-harness horse with pleasurable expectancy. Cresceus had shown phenomenal speed in his Cleveland race; Grattan Boy had also proved that he was a grand race-horse, while game Charley Herr and Dare Devil were thought to be capable of fast work. It was one of the big events of the Grand Circuit series, and a crowd

of ten thousand people crowded the great grand stand, and overflowed on to the lawn. It was an enthusiastic audience and they cheered each horse as they paraded before the stand waiting for the word. It was conceded among the betting contingent that Cresceus would prove the winner, and the advance pooling was Cresceus, \$200, and the field, \$50. There was considerable betting, with Cresceus barred, and in this Dare Devil sold for even money against the other two to finish second in the race.

The four horses were hard to get away in the first heat; eight times they scored down and each time Starter Merrill rang the bell and called them back. The trouble was mainly due to the bad acting of Grattan Boy, who was determined to come to the wire on a canter. When he did come right Dare Devil would spoil the start. Cresceus, as usual, was plodding along with his long easy stride, apparently oblivious to the surroundings, intent only on winning the race. When they at last got the word Cresceus quickly stepped to the front. At the quarter in :31 $\frac{1}{4}$ it was Cresceus by a length. Then came Charley Herr, with Grattan Boy at his wheel. Geers with Dare Devil had dropped back several lengths in the second furlong, after going the first one with the bunch. Cresceus raced along in front and won the heat from Grattan Boy by two lengths in 2:07 $\frac{1}{2}$.

The fast mile enthused the audience, but the second heat stirred them to still greater enthusiasm. Only

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Cresceus, Grattan Boy and Charley Herr appeared in the second heat, Dare Devil having been distanced. Cresceus led the hunt through the mile and was at the quarter in $32\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, and went by the half, trotting like the wind, in $1:03\frac{1}{2}$. Around to the three-quarters in $1:35$ with Grattan Boy at his wheel. Grattan Boy maintained his position to the distance stand, where Miller saw the task was a hopeless one, and gave up the struggle with the son of Grattan.

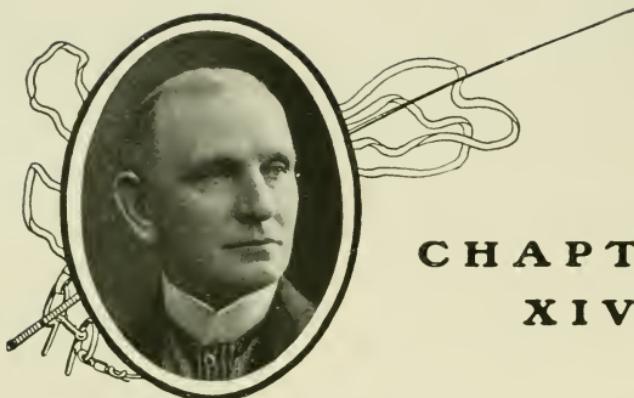
Cresceus stepped home without trouble in $2:06$, the fastest mile which had ever been trotted over the Columbus track. There was renewed cheering when the time was flashed from the stand.

When the horses scored down for the third heat it was evident that each driver was going to make a stirring drive. Cresceus was well on his powerful stride as they passed the judge's stand. At the quarter, which was reached in 31 seconds, he was drawing away from both Grattan Boy and Charley Herr. The half was reached in $1:01\frac{3}{4}$, and the crowd began to cheer. Grattan Boy is closing up the distance; his dark nose is working ahead; he is passing Cresceus. No, the wiry bay can not do it. Cresceus is holding his own. He is doing a little more as they thunder round the turn. They enter the stretch. Look at Cresceus! The whip is waving over him now, and Ketcham speaks a word of encouragement. The Grattan horse, too, feels the goad and responds nobly. The crowd is on its feet, half crazy with excitement. Cres-

C R E S C E U S , 2 : 0 2 1/4

ceus is being pushed. He is shining with sweat, his nostrils are widely distended, but his eye is bright and he comes grandly on like a gladiator. And the stride, the stride of him! He seems to labor a bit as he nears the finish but he does not falter. He is not the faltering kind. 2:06 flashes out from the timer's stand for the second time. Well done, well done, Cresceus! That long, low stride of yours, your perfect steadiness, your splendid courage—you are the best horse of your kind in the world.

The race has passed into history. But four stallions started; as one was distanced, but three finished the battle; yet it was the greatest race ever engaged in by stallions. The time—2:07 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:06, 2:06—was far below the best ever before made in three consecutive heats by a trotting stallion.



CHAPTER XIV

WILL J. DAVIS

DEFEATS TOMMY BRITTON AGAIN

THE admirers of the Chicago stallion, Tommy Britton, were not entirely satisfied with the outcome of the match race between their champion and Cresceus at Pittsburgh on July 4, and another match was arranged between them to be trotted at Washington Park track, Chicago, on August 11. Tommy Britton was especially prepared for the event and thousands of his admirers were present to see him redeem himself.

The weather was threatening all the afternoon, and indeed it looked at one time as if the stallions would not meet at all. Light showers fell, but in the end they served to improve the track, and put it in good condition for fast work.

When the horses appeared on the track in their

preliminary warming-up mile they were both liberally applauded, but when they came out with the drivers up there was more cheering, the Chicago stallion seeming to have a little the best of it. In the draw for position Tommy Britton got the pole, and with little scoring they were sent away for the first heat on even terms. Britton's forte is getting away from the wire at a speed which had heretofore discouraged many of his competitors, and he sprinted away in great style when the word was given. But he never got away from Cresceus. The great young champion was at his wheel around the first turn, and, as they passed the quarter pole in $:31\frac{3}{4}$, and swung into the long back-stretch, he moved up to Britton's shoulder, and they raced that way like a team to the half in $1:03\frac{1}{2}$, the pace for each quarter being exactly the same. A $2:07$ gait to the half-mile pole portended a good mile, even with the wind blowing strongly against the horses through the home-stretch, as Cresceus was known to be a game finisher. As the horses rounded the third turn and it was seen that Britton still held his own, some enthusiastic partizans of the Chicago horse imagined that he was going to win and sent up a cheer for their favorite. But those people did not know Cresceus. Once straightened into the home-stretch Ketcham gave the chestnut stallion his head and the race was over in a few strides, for with a great burst of speed Cresceus swept by Britton and finished alone in $2:06\frac{1}{2}$. For the last two hundred feet he was

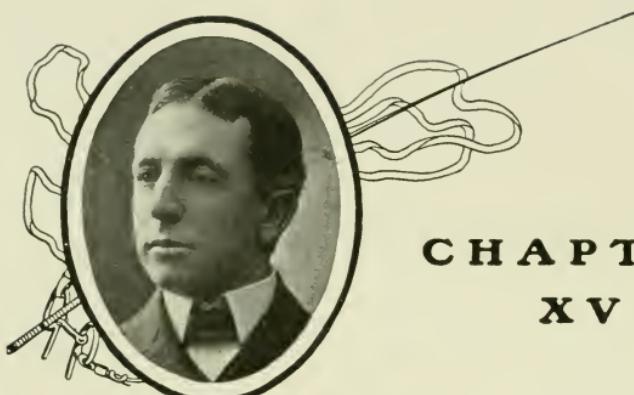
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not driven at all, and finished in a common jog. He had trotted home from the half in 1:03, and the third quarter, in which he stepped around Britton, was done in :31 $\frac{1}{2}$, a 2:06 clip. Had Cresceus been obliged to fight out the heat to the wire the mile would have been close to 2:05, as he is a horse that slows up when his opponent is beaten, and this was apparent to the audience, the finish being utterly tame, Britton having been out of the fight half way up the stretch. A great cheer went up for Cresceus when he jogged back to the paddock gate, and during the cooling-out process he was the center of the admiring crowd. Most of them knew the great stallion's history but few had seen him, there having been no trotting meeting in Chicago for years.

When Starting Judge Taylor announced the time, he added that it was the fastest mile ever trotted in Chicago, to let the people know that they were getting something out of the ordinary. Cresceus was not at all distressed by the mile, although the day was a muggy one and not suitable for stallions, which go best on a clear, hot day. When the stallions were called for the second heat Cresceus went away from the wire at a moderate pace. This would not do Britton, however, and he set a terrific clip, taking the pole away from Cresceus and leading to the quarter in 31 seconds flat. Down the back-stretch he had a little the best of it and passed the half in 1:03 $\frac{1}{2}$ like a winner. But on the upper turn Cresceus made one

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of his characteristic rushes, and it was all over with Britton. He was beaten an eighth of a mile from the wire, and Cresceus won on the heat in $2:07\frac{1}{2}$, with Tommy Britton considerably farther back than in the first heat. This decisive defeat of Tommy Britton demonstrated the fact that Cresceus was the king of all trotting stallions, and placed him directly in line for the championship.



JOHN DICKERSON

CHAPTER XV

CRESCEUS DETHRONES DIRECTUM

CRESCEUS had met and defeated all of the greatest horses in his class, and his three great miles at Columbus had earned him the world's race record for trotting stallions. He was the unbeaten champion of the year, and all good judges conceded that he would certainly wrest the stallion crown from the great Directum before the season ended. He trotted an exhibition mile at Syracuse, N. Y., on August 29, to beat Directum's record of $2:05\frac{1}{4}$, but failed. He, however, trotted a fine mile over a track that was not in the best of condition in $2:06\frac{1}{2}$, the fractional time of the mile being $:31\frac{3}{4}$, $1:02\frac{3}{4}$, $1:34\frac{1}{2}$, $2:06\frac{1}{2}$. Then on September 5, over the historic Charter Oak Park track at Hartford, Conn., he performed the won-

derful feat of dethroning the world's champion trotting stallion, the black whirlwind, Directum, 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$.

Before shouting thousands Cresceus was crowned king of trotting stallions, and proved himself to be the gamest and most wonderful trotting stallion the turf ever knew. Ever since 1893 Directum's record of 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$ had stood as the record for trotting stallions, and many well-informed horsemen did not believe that his record would ever be beaten, but the son of Robert McGregor added another star to his crown by trotting a mile in 2:04 $\frac{3}{4}$. It was one of the most wonderful exhibitions of speed ever seen in America. Cresceus, by his wonderful performance, placed himself in a class by himself, and earned the title of king of all trotting stallions.

When it was announced that Andrew J. Welch had wagered Ketcham \$1,000 to \$1 that Cresceus could not trot a mile below 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$ the effort to be made over Charter Oak Park track during the Grand Circuit meeting, it created a sensation among horsemen and race followers, and speculation was rife. The chances of the great young stallion accomplishing the feat had been discussed pro and con among the circuit followers, and while all conceded the extreme speed of Cresceus, the consensus of opinion was that he would fail in his attempt to wrest the stallion crown from the head of the great Directum.

The day was a perfect one, warm, yet not oppressive, with hardly enough wind stirring to cause a rip-

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ple in the folds of the big flag in the infield, and no better day as far as weather conditions were concerned, could have been selected. Ketcham drove the stallion a couple of warming-up miles in 2:24 and 2:14 $\frac{1}{2}$, and each time he appeared the "hoss" crowd looked him over carefully, and it was the opinion of all that he was in fine condition and fit to make the effort of his life. Yet there was hardly a man who believed that he would trot the fastest mile ever trotted by a stallion, and establish a new record that was likely to stand for many years unless he himself should lower it.

Every race on the card was finished, and it was almost six o'clock when Ketcham drove Cresceus in front of the stand and announced that he was ready. John Dickerson scored along side the stallion with a runner, Joe Patchen's old pace-maker; and Ben Walker was stationed over at the half-mile pole with another runner, ready to accompany the stallion home in his trip against time. Twice Ketcham scored him down to the wire; Starter Frank Walker was ready to give the word, but Ketcham shook his head each time and took the coming champion back. The third time down Cresceus was trotting steady and true, and as he neared the wire Ketcham nodded. Starter Walker, leaning far out of the stand, yelled "Go!" and the great horse started on his record-breaking journey. Dickerson moved the runner up alongside him, and was on his wheel to the quarter in 31 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds. Cresceus was trotting like a whirlwind, and

Dickerson was urging the pace-maker forward with whip and voice.

Around to the half in $1:02\frac{3}{4}$, hundreds of watches clicked, and the great crowd watched the game stallion with breathless interest. Walker joined them here and ranged his runner alongside the flying pair. The three-quarter pole was reached in $1:33\frac{1}{4}$ and Cresceus never faltered nor weakened. As Ketcham headed him home and began the last end of the journey Dickerson and Walker were alongside, urging the pace-makers with old-time Indiana yells, and Ketcham was calling upon the stallion for the supreme effort. Grandly and nobly the splendid stallion responded, and as he flew under the wire a mighty cheer went up from ten thousand throats, for the audience knew that a new world's record had been established.

When $2:04\frac{3}{4}$ was hung out from the timer's stand the audience again went wild, and when Ketcham jogged the new champion back to the wire and dismounted, no horse or driver ever received such an ovation. Hundreds of men sprang over the fence on to the stretch and crowded around the horse; and a hundred hands were stretched out to Ketcham. Mr. Welch was one of the first to grasp Ketcham's hand, and offer his congratulations, and the genial Andy appeared very proud of the new record that had just been given his track. The band played a lively air as the great horse was led away, and Ketcham, his face wreathed in smiles, followed the new champion to the barn, while the crowd cheered them again and again.



R. J. WHEELER

CHAPTER XVI

THE GREAT STALLION RACE AT BOSTON

THE supreme test of Cresceus's ability as a race-horse came in the great \$20,000 stallion race at Readville, Mass., on September 27. But once in the history of the trotting turf had so much money as was contested for at Readville—\$20,000—been offered in a purse for a race.

It was early in the spring that the idea of bringing together in a race all the best stallions in the country was first broached at a meeting of the directors of the New England Trotting Horse Breeders' Association. The idea was favorably received, and the time seemed auspicious for such an event. The fall of 1899 had witnessed the development of an unexpectedly large number of trotting stallions of apparently free-for-all caliber, and these, with

others of tried and recognized worth, presented a field of trotters such as had never before been enrolled on the records of the light harness turf.

It was the most splendid race of a sensational year, and Cresceus was doubly crowned king of trotting stallions. Champion among stallions, by virtue of his record of 2:04 $\frac{3}{4}$, racing king by right of conquest. At one time it looked as if the balance was going to fall against the champion. With a mighty rush in the third heat, he snatched victory from the fire and then defended the prize.

Cresceus, Charley Herr, Grattan Boy, Arion, Lord Vincent, Benton M. and Jupe made up the field of starters; they were the pick of the land, the acme of trotting-horse development. Twenty thousand spectators, with staring eyes and quickened pulse-beats watched seven of the grandest stallions struggle for supremacy and the rich purse. Nine special trains rolled out of the south station in Boston bound for the track at midday, and the regular trains were packed full of passengers inspired by an enthusiasm for horse flesh in action. The electric cars bore their burdens of enthusiastic humanity. Fashionable equipages of various characters traveled the highways. The automobile passed through the gate to the common gathering spot of the sport-loving folk, leaving its trail of mist behind. The great grand stand, packed to the roof, had a color scheme that might have been devised by an artist. The waving white ker-

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chiefs, the dresses of many hues, the ribbons and laces on the hats of the ladies, contrasting richly with the darker shades of the clothing of their male escorts, were part of the scene from fairy-land, beautiful to behold. The lawn in front of the stand was inhabited by the citizens of Cosmopolis, representing all the quarters of the globe by birth, and every trade or profession to which man has turned his hand; doctors were next to gamblers, lawyers crushed against butchers, merchants were sandwiched in between the clerks of their employ. It was a jovial conglomeration of sport-loving people intent upon enjoyment. Shortly after two o'clock the stallions were on the track in full view of the excited multitude. They had scored a number of times and both horses and drivers were ready for the serious task of the day.

"Go!" said Starter Wheeler. The cry had no more than left his lips when there was a stir of peculiar sound among the twenty thousand spectators, male and female, who occupied the lofty bank of seats, rising tier above tier, until the topmost seem to touch the lowest blue of the heavens. It was like the rustle of leaves in a wind-swept forest, and was the unspoken language of suppressed emotion, a frenzy that must burst into hurrahs.

They are off! Those mighty kings of the turf, seven of them, swung down the stretch. The race was full of surprises. Victory went just where it was expected,

but only after a contest that kept the "I told you so" people close mouthed. Grattan Boy was picked to win second money and he just managed to get third. Jupe was never a factor, and Lord Vincent, counted a sure winner, never was dangerous, and was not fast enough to save his entrance. Arion was not expected to finish the race, but he won fourth money and made a creditable showing. In the first heat Arion set the pace to the stretch, but Charley Herr overhauled him at the long distance and beat him home in $2:07\frac{1}{2}$. Cresceus got away four lengths behind, but finished fourth. As the Kentucky stallion passed under the wire the winner in $2:07\frac{1}{2}$ of the opening bout in this great equine duel, the spectators broke into a prolonged ah! which swelled into a mighty hurrah, reverberating over against the green and brown hills.

Charley Herr wasn't headed in the second heat. Grattan Boy was second to him, coming into the home-stretch an open length away, and Cresceus was carried wide by the position of the Grattan horse. Ketcham made a strong bid with Cresceus, but the champion only managed to reach Charley Herr's wheel at the wire, and the Kentucky stallion won in $2:07\frac{1}{4}$.

The third heat was a thrilling one and set the immense crowd wild with excitement. Charley Herr again cut out the work leading Cresceus and Grattan Boy by an open length into the stretch. Ketcham began his drive a little earlier than he did in the opening heats, and foot by foot the lion-hearted Cresceus drew

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upon Charley Herr, who was under a lashing drive. Cresceus reached his opponent's wheel fifty yards from the wire. Ketcham called for his supreme effort, and gamely rallying, Cresceus shot up to Charley Herr and nosed him out in $2:07\frac{1}{4}$.

It was a sensational moment; counted by sensations and not by calendars, it was a lifetime, and there were cheers for Cresceus, the king of stallions.

Charley Herr got the pole from Cresceus in the second quarter of the fourth heat and led the champion by an open length into the stretch. But in the final quarter Cresceus again showed his magnificent racing qualities by out-footing Charley Herr and beating him home in $2:07\frac{1}{2}$.

Cresceus wasn't headed in the fifth heat. Charley Herr clung to his wheel into the stretch, but Cresceus shook him off at the flag stand, and came to the wire eased up two open lengths in front in $2:08\frac{3}{4}$, winner of the heat and race. Cresceus was proclaimed the winner, and his deed was greeted with an avalanche of hearty huzzas.

It was an equine battle that never will be forgotten, while the history of the turf survives on printed page or in the memory of those who lived to see the battle royal. Hats flying in the air and the crowd swarmed through to the track to examine and congratulate. It was in the fastest five-heat race ever trotted that Cresceus so grandly and successfully defended his title of stallion king. It was a wonderful contest, and

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as predicted when the stake was first opened it proved to be the race that will be the longest remembered of any decided during the nineteenth century.

The audience cheered Ketcham and the great stallion again and again, and at last Ketcham was forced to go into the judge's stand, where Starting-judge Wheeler introduced him to the spectators. With a voice hoarse from urging the champion, he acknowledged the applause and expressed his gratification.

The victory placed to Cresceus's credit the world's record for a three, five and eight-heat race.



CHAPTER XVII

A. C. PENNOCK

THE RECORD AGAIN BROKEN

THE stallion race at Boston was the last race in which the champion appeared during the season of 1900, and it being the desire of Ketcham to have him, if possible, lower his record of $2:04\frac{3}{4}$, it was decided to send Cresceus to Cleveland and prepare him for another assault upon the record.

He was given a careful course of training for a few days, and on October 5 demonstrated that he was in the best of condition by trotting a trial quarter in $28\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, probably the fastest quarter ever trotted by any horse.

It was decided to make the effort on Saturday, October 6, and in the presence of a great audience of shouting admirers, Cresceus broke his previous record and trotted a mile in $2:04$. It was after four

o'clock when Cresceus appeared on the quarter stretch; as the champion approached the grand stand he received one continual ovation, and as Ketcham mounted the sulky he was cheered to the echo.

When Cresceus scored down the first time a strong breeze had sprung up and this seemed to dampen the ardor of the crowd, for it was feared that it would interfere with the attempt.

On the third score Ketcham nodded for the word. Murnen, with a runner, kept on the outside and Cresceus was trotting as steady as a clock. When the first furlong was reached, however, he made a misstep and the crowd gave a groan as he broke badly. He steadied down again, but Ketcham checked him and drove back to the wire. He was sent on his second attempt at the first score, and he was going like the wind. He reached the quarter in $:31\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, the same time he made at Hartford. After passing the third furlong, Mr. Pennock, with another runner, joined the party and this seemed to put more life into the great stallion. The first half was reached at $1:02\frac{1}{2}$, one second and a quarter faster than the Charter Oak mark.

It was then conceded that if he met with no mishap the record was at his mercy, and that The Abbot was in danger of losing his laurels as well. The third quarter was a trying ordeal, as it took him $:31\frac{1}{2}$ seconds to reach that point, which was the slowest quarter of the mile. At the upper turn he seemed to falter for

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an instant, but with a little encouragement from the runners and Ketcham's reassuring voice, he was quickly the demon trotter of old. After passing the three-quarters the hardest trial was to come, as he had to face the wind. He trotted down the stretch without a sign of weakening; with his ears listening to the cheers of the crowd, he came like the wind.

At the draw-gate, for the first time Ketcham tapped him lightly with the whip, and he seemed to jump forward. It was seen that he would break the record, and the only question was by how much.

The crowd rose and kept time by the jumps of the runners. It was now up to the final stride, and it was all over before the crowd knew it. He finished strong, and many watches in the grand stand caught it better than 2:04. It was some time before the time was announced, and when Judge Barnard shouted: "Cresceus broke the stallion record, he stepping the mile in 2:04," the crowd could not hold itself. The horse and driver were surrounded by an immense crowd, all eager to shake hands with Ketcham, and then to have a good look at the champion.

It was a wonderful performance, the last quarter being stepped in 31 seconds, an extremely fast quarter considering the conditions. The fractional time of this record-breaking mile was as follows: :31 $\frac{1}{4}$, 1:01 $\frac{1}{2}$, 1:33, 2:04. The mile once more proved the superiority of Cresceus to Directum beyond all argument—this without disrespect to the latter as one of the most extraor-

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dinary of all trotters. Cresceus's career, the season through, had been such a series of triumphs of ever-increasing splendor, that it were a work of supererogation to shower fresh encomiums upon this, his last and greatest performance. But it was evident to all who saw him trot that record-breaking mile at Charter Oak, that he had not reached his limit at $2:04\frac{3}{4}$, and equally so that neither had he at $2:04$.

As an example of sustained evenness of pace, Cresceus's great miles at Cleveland and Hartford are two most remarkable miles. The fractional time of the Hartford mile was $:31\frac{1}{4}$, $:31\frac{1}{2}$, $:30\frac{3}{4}$, $:31\frac{1}{4}$, while at Cleveland, it was $:31\frac{1}{4}$, $:30\frac{1}{4}$, $:31\frac{1}{2}$, $:31$. They showed Cresceus as a steady rater, almost unequaled.

In both attempts the opening quarter was the same, $31\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, but by increasing the pace through the second quarter at Cleveland three-quarters of a second was gained at the half, half a second of which was preserved at the three-quarters, and the last one-quarter second regained in the flight through the stretch. This last quarter in 31 seconds bespeaks Cresceus's strength and courage nobly. Only one other trotter—Alix—had ever trotted the last end of as fast a mile at the same rate.



GEO. STARR

CHAPTER **XVIII**

CLOSING DAYS OF CAMPAIGN OF 1900

COVERED with honors, and followed by the plaudits of the entire contingent of trotting-horse admirers of the United States, Cresceus, on October 12, arrived at Toledo. His name and fame were world wide, and his home-coming was made the occasion of one of the most remarkable demonstrations ever witnessed in the city of Toledo.

The reception given Mr. Ketcham when he arrived in Toledo with the unbeaten Cresceus, showed the esteem in which both horse and man were held by the people of their home city.

It was a splendid demonstration and showed loyalty to one who has done much toward bringing Toledo to the front rank of the cities of the country. Ketcham arrived at the Union depot shortly after 7 o'clock.

Cresceus was unloaded from his special car and the parade to the Ketcham home began. The column which marched behind Ketcham's carriage was composed of the bugle corps, Battery D, four companies of the Sixteenth Regiment, delegation of letter carriers and street railway employes, members of the Toledo Driving Club in carriages, and the Cherry Pickers, the famous drill squad of the local lodge of Elks.

The music was furnished by the Traction Company's and Strobel's bands. The streets through which the parade passed were magnificently illuminated and thronged with citizens who enthusiastically applauded as the parade passed.

On reaching the Ketcham residence, Mr. Ketcham thanked those who had given him the splendid ovation in the following little speech :

"Fellow Townsmen: "I do not know what to say or how to say it. For once I am overpowered with emotion, and my voice is somewhat shaky. I appreciate it more when I know that this demonstration is due in a large part to the performance of the greatest horse that ever lived. This is made the more satisfactory to me and you, when it is taken into consideration that Cresceus is a product of Toledo. He was raised here and trained in Toledo; he has upheld the honor and dignity of the city by defeating the fastest horses in the world, and establishing a record that is unbeaten. I can not close without mentioning the

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man who is responsible, in a large measure, for the success of the horse. He has been with me ever since I have had Cresceus, and has cared for him faithfully on all occasions. I refer to Mr. Tim Murnen, one of the best horsemen in America. I thank you, one and all, for this grand welcome, and believe me, I shall always remember the occasion as one of the brightest moments of my life."

Then the crowd gave three cheers, Cresceus was led to his stable and the crowd dispersed.

The following day, October 13, will long be remembered as a red-letter one in the history of Toledo. The Cherry Pickers, the widely known and popular drill squad of the local lodge of Elks, had arranged a great gala day of sport at the fair-grounds, and Mr. Ketcham consented to allow Cresceus to appear upon that occasion.

It is doubtful if Cresceus ever appeared before a more friendly or more enthusiastic audience. He was at home, and almost every person in the vast throng of ten thousand people had watched his career year by year and saw him develop into the champion trotter of the world.

The wealth and beauty of the city were present, augmented by prominent people from all over Northern Ohio. The ladies were present in large numbers and by their presence added to the pleasure of the occasion.

The reserved seats in the grand stand looked, at a

distance like an animated flower garden, filled as they were with handsomely gowned women, their varicolored toilets presenting a kaleidoscope of color beautiful to behold. The other seats were filled almost exclusively with men, their darker clothing adding much to the color symphony. Out in the infield were the drags, carts, spider phaetons, gigs and hundreds of other vehicles used by Mesdame Society from which to view the event.

Promptly at 2:40 o'clock, Chief of Police Raitz and Sheriff Newton, garbed in the Cherry Red of the Elks' crack squad, and mounted on handsome horses, started from the back stretch, followed by the band; then came the open carriages containing the officers of the Driving Club and a committee from the lodge of Fifty-Three. After the carriages came the Cherry Pickers, and then Cresceus, driven by Mr. Ketcham.

The cheers and applause that greeted the parade could have been heard a goodly distance, and were sincere and hearty enough to warm the cockles around any man's heart.

After the parade and drill, Ketcham appeared with Cresceus and announced that he was ready for the exhibition. Judge Wheeler, in a few well-chosen words, introduced Ketcham and the champion stallion, and once more the audience cheered. After a few scores, the third time down Ketcham nodded for the word, and Judge Wheeler called "Go!" Cresceus was trotting like a streak of light, when the word was given,

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and Tim Murnen was trailing him with the pace-maker, Mike The Tramp.

At the first turn the running horse swung wide, and Cresceus put several lengths of daylight between his sulky wheel and the runner's nose. But the runner was on his wheel again quicker than it takes to tell it, and the two horses were speeding around the back turn before the crowd had caught its breath. On the back stretch the two animals were neck and neck; as they passed the quarter pole the timers knew that record-breaking time was being made. Cresceus reached the quarter in 33 seconds, and was trotting like a great machine. The horses traveled like a team; Cresceus trotting in an even, steady way that delighted every horseman present, while the runner was running like a record-breaker.

They reached the half in fine style, and the watches caught them in $1:03\frac{3}{4}$, the second quarter being in $30\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, remarkably fast time on a half-mile track. Just as they were passing around the first turn in the second half, Cresceus made a slight mistake, caused by striking the sulky, and went off his feet. The crowd, which was holding its breath in the presence of such splendid trotting, moaned rather than said, "He's broke." But the champion was on his stride again in an instant, and the moan was changed into a great chorus of cheering approval.

Cresceus reached the three-quarter pole in $1:37\frac{1}{2}$, and then came the trip through the home stretch that

no enthusiast will ever forget. The crowd was eager, silent, expectant, and it was not until Cresceus had poked his golden-chestnut nose under the wire in 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$ that the pent-up enthusiasm of the multitude broke loose.

When the mile was completed and Ketcham, with uplifted whip, drove back to the judge's stand, both horse and driver received an ovation. The ovation continued after Ketcham climbed out of the bike, and turned Cresceus over to his grooms.

Cresceus undoubtedly lost almost a second by his break in the third quarter. He lowered not only the track record, but the world's trotting record for a half-mile track as well.

Later in the afternoon Cresceus was hitched to a wagon and trotted an exhibition mile in 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$, the world's half-mile-track record to wagon. He showed that he was equally as well at home to wagon as he was to sulky, and the fast mile again set the audience to cheering.

His time by quarters was :35 $\frac{1}{2}$, 1:08, 1:40 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$. Two greater miles were never trotted by the champion, and the day will long be remembered in Toledo as one of the most enjoyable in the history of the city.

The Terre Haute (Ind.) track had long been known as one of the fastest tracks in the United States, and many world's records had been made over it. Ketcham had always been desirous of allowing Cresceus to trot over the Hoosier course, and late in October it was

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decided to ship the champion to Terre Haute and make an effort to lower his record of 2:04.

He made his first attempt on October 16, but failed, trotting a mile in 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$, the fractional time being :30 $\frac{3}{4}$, 1:02 $\frac{1}{2}$, 1:33 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$. Three days later the champion made another attempt, and again failed, but he trotted the mile in 2:04 $\frac{1}{4}$. The time by quarters was :30 $\frac{3}{4}$, 1:02, 1:32 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:04 $\frac{1}{4}$.

It was late in the season, and under the circumstances his efforts were very remarkable. Each time the pace-makers were driven by George Starr and Murnen. After these efforts Cresceus returned to the Ketcham farm, and retired to his winter quarters, the undisputed champion race-horse of the day.

Directum's single heat in 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$ stood for a half a dozen years as the best mile by a stallion. During the season of 1900 Cresceus trotted three heats better than Directum's best mile, and on another occasion equaled it. The average of these four miles, in each of which he equaled or beat the record of Directum, is practically 2:04 $\frac{1}{2}$. In addition to this Cresceus, on nine different occasions during the season, in races and against the watch, trotted better than 2:07, and the average of these nine miles is just over 2:05 $\frac{1}{2}$. One of them was the second heat of a winning race at Cleveland, and another the third of a winning race at Columbus, in each case a formidable field being beaten by Cresceus. When he returned home at the close of the memorable campaign of 1900, he held the following

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world's records: Fastest mile by a stallion; fastest two-heat race ever won by a trotter; fastest three-heat race by a stallion; fastest five-heat race on record; fastest eight-heat race on record; fastest mile by a trotter on a half-mile track, and the fastest mile to wagon by a trotter on a half-mile track.

It was a showing superior by far to that ever made by any other trotting stallion, and placed Cresceus in a class by himself.



JOHN KELLEY

CHAPTER XIX

CRESCEUS OPENS THE CAMPAIGN OF 1901

DURING the winter of 1900, horsemen discussed the question of the championship with a great deal of interest, and as a matter of course, Cresceus and The Abbot were the commanding figures in this discussion.

The friends of The Abbot were persistent in their claims that their favorite would be able to lower his record of $2:03\frac{1}{4}$, and it was the general opinion that the son of Chimes was the greatest of trotters. No man had the temerity to dispute the supremacy of Cresceus as a race-horse, but few there were who dared to predict that the son of Robert McGregor would snatch the crown from the head of the champion. The admirers of Cresceus were modest in their claims on behalf of their champion, but a staunch band of

friends bided their time, and awaited the coming of the racing season of 1901 with confidence and an abiding faith in the great Ohio stallion.

Cresceus, as usual, spent the winter at the Ketcham farm, where he received, at the hands of Tim Murnen, the same care and attention that had always been his portion when at home, plenty of fresh air, regular exercise on the sandy roads, varied by occasional speeding on the Toledo snow-path, where the champion always appeared to enjoy to the full the brushes with other horses. He was full of life and vigor, and he grew stronger and sturdier as the long winter days went by.

It was a much improved horse that arrived at the Cleveland track early in the spring of 1901, and every horseman at the track was struck with the splendid condition of the grand young stallion when he made his first appearance.

Cresceus, always a wonderful horse, with unlimited courage and a world of speed, was decidedly an improved horse over his form shown the year before. He stood the preparatory work of the campaign in fine style, and showed that he possessed an added degree of strength and vigor.

The Detroit Association had announced a free-for-all trot. It was thought that all of the leading trotters would be participants, but only Cresceus and the Kentucky stallion, Charley Herr, remained in the event.

On July 18, before a great throng of shouting

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people, Cresceus signalized the opening of his world famous campaign of 1901. Then began the greatest and most memorable triumphal tour ever made by a horse in the world's history of the trotting turf. The glorious achievements of the champion during the wonderful year will live in turf history as long as the world stands, and the prowess of this veritable Coeur de Lion among race-horses will, in all probability, never be surpassed. His campaign of 1901 was the onward march of the conquering gladiator, and shouting thousands cheered him on from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

There were bursts of applause for both horses when they appeared, more perhaps for Cresceus, whose chestnut coat glistened in the sunlight as he jogged down in front of the grand stand ready for the word. They were both trained race-horses, and there was no long and needless scoring. Starting-judge Barnard gave them the word the second time down. Cresceus had the pole; both were moving like clockwork when the start was made.

Before the turn was reached Cresceus was a length in the lead, and Kelley had swung Charley Herr in behind next to the rail. The quarter was reached in $30\frac{1}{2}$ seconds with Cresceus three lengths in front, and trotting like the work was easy for him. Down the back stretch Cresceus seemed to fairly fly over the ground, and Kelley was using the whip on Charley Herr to keep him within hearing distance of the champ-

ion. The Kentucky stallion responded gamely and kept trying, but his efforts were useless, as the chestnut stallion kept increasing his lead. The half was reached in 1:02 $\frac{1}{4}$, with the champion still marching along with steady, resistless force. Ketcham did not urge the champion, but simply let him rate himself naturally. At the three-quarters the watches registered 1:35 $\frac{1}{2}$ with Charley Herr six lengths back. The champion swung into the home-stretch and Ketcham merely steadied him home in 2:06 $\frac{3}{4}$, while Kelley was whipping Charley Herr to make sure of getting inside the flag.

The crowd cheered when the time was announced, but the second heat fairly took their breath away, so sensational did it prove. He got away in good style in the second heat, and Cresceus was at the quarter in :30 $\frac{3}{4}$, and the half in 1:02 $\frac{1}{4}$. Cresceus evidently felt that his effort was a record-breaking one, and went by the three-quarter pole in 1:35, and rounding into the stretch five lengths to the good, the champion came on at a clip which would break the heart of an ordinary trotter.

Never did a horse show truer action or more courage. There was no thundering of runner's hoofs to urge him on, no whipping, nothing but his own determination and the encouraging voice of the man who had driven him since his colthood days. The mile was trotted in 2:05, the fastest second heat ever trotted in a race, a new world's record.

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What Cresceus might have done is a matter of speculation. Had the race been called at about 3 o'clock when the sun was at its height, and had there been a contender all the way, Cresceus would have trotted much faster than he did. Perhaps he would have wrested the crown from The Abbot, for he never appeared more fit for a fast mile.

CHAPTER XX



EDWARD BENYON

THE ABBOT DETHRONED

THE champion's great race at Detroit gave the turf world a short fleeting glint of his wonderful speed. The following week, on Ohio soil, the land of his birth, Cresceus became the champion trotter of the world.

At the beautiful Glenville race-course there was a coronation on July 26th. Cresceus, already undisputed king of trotting stallions, dethroned The Abbot and became champion of the world. No horse before him ever held so many world's records; no horse was ever his equal. All that he had done the past two years had been done as horsemen expect a real champion to do it. There was no cloud on his performance that July day. He trotted his mile as resolutely as if it had been one of the 2:08 variety, and he finished so strong and

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so full of trot that those who had harbored doubts as to his ability joined the thousands of his admirers in cheer after cheer that came as a tribute to honest merit and successful endeavor.

Rain, which fell in torrents on Thursday night, necessitated a long delay before the day's sport could be inaugurated. When the first race was called the course was just getting into passable condition.

The fast pacers found the far side wearing on the muscles, and the trotters, later in the day, even when their fights were the hottest, covered the second quarter in comparatively slow time.

The course was soft and wet in many places, especially on the back stretch, and the time made in the other races showed it was not at its best. Before the start was made, Starting-judge Barnard made a statement to the audience, announcing the track was not in the best of condition. "If the record is not broken," he said, "Cresceus will give a creditable performance, but it will not be his fault if the record is not lowered." The statement caused a murmur among the ten thousand spectators, who had remained all afternoon waiting for this event. There were many conjectures made, and prominent horsemen at the meeting stated that Cresceus would have to be a wonder to beat the record on such a track. This was heard on all sides, and many wagers were made at odds that the record would not be broken.

There was not a breath of wind on the home-stretch,

as the wind was coming from the northwest, but not strong enough to do any material damage. Just as the sun was beginning to set, and the hands of the watches pointed to 6:25 o'clock, Starting-judge Barnard gave the word "Go!" and the race against time and an attempt to break all records for trotters was on. Tim Murnen, with the pace-maker, Mike The Tramp, was several lengths behind at the wire, and remained two lengths behind as a coacher. Cresceus was going like the wind when the word was given, and the first eighth was made in 14 seconds. Here Murnen brought the runner up alongside, and the turn was made for the quarter with Cresceus trotting with bull-dog tenacity, the quarter being reached in 30 seconds, a two-minute clip.

When the time was flashed from the timer's stand, there was a murmur from the crowd, but no cheering, for all eyes were on the great horse. "Will he stand the clip?" "He can not stand the clip." "It is too fast," were some of the remarks heard on all sides. Never faltering, and going like a mighty engine, with Ketcham sitting quiet in the sulky, the great Cresceus was setting a terrific pace, and the half was reached in 1:01, a 2:02 clip, the second quarter being in 31 seconds.

It was then that the crowd began to show their enthusiasm. They let out a mighty cheer, which must have reached the ears of the rushing champion as he went around the upper turn. Here he was joined by another runner in charge of Ed Benyon, and the two

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runners made the journey home with him. The crowd was getting anxious, and every neck was stretched to see Cresceus make the upper turn. He was going steady and true. Ketcham had not spoken a word or used the whip. When the time was hung up for the three-quarters, $1:31\frac{1}{4}$, more cheers were given. Cresceus was now on the last quarter, and on his efforts here depended his success or failure.

Down, down the stretch he came, thundering toward the wire. One runner was next to the rail, and the other was on the outside, while Cresceus, in the center, was coming like a conquering hero. With true gameness the champion responded to the first words spoken by Ketcham during the flying trip against time. As the draw-gate was reached it was seen that the record was broken, for hundreds of people in the grand stand were holding their watches. It was the last eighth of the mile, and when a short distance from the wire Ketcham tapped Cresceus lightly with the whip, the great animal again responded, and went under the wire at an amazing speed, while the great audience vented their delight with mighty cheers for Cresceus and his driver.

It was several minutes before the time was announced, as the men in the timers' stand wanted to be careful in announcing the coming of a new world's champion. When it was marked up as $2:02\frac{3}{4}$, another great cheer was given, and a dash was made for the track.

Cresceus was being driven back to the stand, but

hundreds of men could not wait. They ran to the cooling out shed, where they met the new champion, petted and caressed him. Lifting Ketcham out of the sulky and placing him on their shoulders, they carried him down the stretch on their shoulders to the judge's stand. When finally released he was surrounded by five hundred frantic men, who all wanted to shake his hand at the same time. Pandemonium broke loose, and several prominent Clevelanders fairly lifted Ketcham off his feet and carried him to the grand stand, where he held another reception. Such a scene was never before witnessed on a race track in America. As Cresceus was being led past the stand by his happy groom, with men patting him, and some of them kissing him, the crowd in the grand stand were cheering the new world's champion to the echo. As Ketcham reached the grand stand he was presented with a handsome bouquet of roses. But the crowd was not yet satisfied. They wanted a speech, and after they had cheered and clamored for five minutes, Ketcham was persuaded to say a few words. He was lifted up into the judge's stand, where another ovation was tendered him, and his voice could not be heard for fully a minute, owing to the din. Finally, President H. M. Hanna, of the Cleveland Driving Club, by continually ringing the bell, was able to restore order. Ketcham was greatly affected by the demonstration, and said: "I am at a disadvantage, as I am out of breath. I think there is no doubt now of Cresceus's claim to the title of champion.

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trotting horse of the world. There is nothing that gives me greater pleasure than to have had this event take place before a Cleveland audience."

He was given three rousing cheers, and when he entered the grand stand was given another ovation, and hundreds rushed to his box to congratulate him. It was a world's champion that Tim Murnen led back to the barn that day, and the performance of Cresceus's marked a new epoch in the history of the American trotter. Great as it was, it was still greater as a promise—as a portent of still greater things to come, of greater things by this horse, and of the great fact that we are slowly, but ever surely approaching the *ultima thule* of the trotting horseman's dreams and ambitions—the two-minute mark.

CHAPTER XXI



A. N. MERRILL

THE MONARCH OF THE MILE

WHEN the news was flashed to the four corners of the globe that Cresceus had broken all trotting records at Cleveland, and had dethroned The Abbot, he was hailed as the trotting wonder of the century, and one enthusiastic admirer named him "The Monarch of the Mile." It is a fitting title for the champion, and he proved himself to be worthy of it by again breaking the world's record for trotters at Columbus, Ohio, on August 2d.

Scarcely had the trotting horse world recovered from the surprise occasioned by this wonderful performance at Cleveland, when Cresceus performed a still more brilliant feat at Columbus. This great mile, coming so soon after the record-breaking one at Cleveland, made old turf followers stand in wonderment before the new champion. When it was announced that Cresceus would make an effort to still further lower the

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record during the Columbus Grand Circuit meeting, it aroused widespread interest, and many thousands journeyed to the Buckeye capital to see the great horse make his assault upon the record.

More than fifteen thousand people assembled at the Driving Park on August 2, attracted by the opportunity to see the world's greatest trotter in action. It was a brilliant assemblage, and intense enthusiasm for the horse was manifested. It was a gathering composed of the wealth and beauty of the grand old state, and beautiful women vied with cheering men in doing honor to Ohio's champion trotting race-horse.

The weather at noon was unpromising to a degree. After a week of fearful heat it turned cool on Thursday night and a strong wind blew up from the south. At noon of the eventful day the sky was lowering and overcast, and a few drops of rain fell, but not enough to hurt the track, which was in excellent condition. About 2 o'clock the heavens cleared and the sun came out warm and bright, but the wind did not decrease in force. There was considerable speculation on the event, and in the over-night pool selling a great deal of money went into the box at odds of \$25.00 to \$17.00 on time against the horse. At the track, just before the attempt was made, owing to the fierce wind, the odds against Cresceus increased to \$25.00 to \$8.00, but the backers of the champion were game, and took the short end as long as pools were sold.

Ketcham appeared on the track with Cresceus a lit-

tle before 3 o'clock. The horse and driver were royally received, and Ketcham was forced to life his cap many times as they passed the stand. The champion jogged three miles below three minutes, and was then allowed to step one in 2:22. An hour later he came out again, and after scoring several times stepped a mile in 2:25. At 4:30 he was worked out for the last time in 2:15 $\frac{1}{2}$. Cresceus showed in these preliminary trials that he had much power in reserve, and the vast throng waited patiently for the great test.

It was evident that the wind would not decrease before dark, and at 5:40 the champion was brought out and Ketcham announced that he was ready. It was announced from the judge's stand that owing to the high wind, Ketcham hardly thought it possible for Cresceus to lower the record, but that the horse would be driven as fast as possible under the unfavorable circumstances.

Tim Murnen, with Mike The Tramp, was alongside the stallion, and Dan Lake with another pacemaker waited at the half-mile pole. On the fifth score, Ketcham nodded for the word, but Cresceus was not properly on his stride, and Ketcham pulled him up at the first turn, and came back to try it again. Down to the wire he rushed, the runner two lengths back, and this time it was a go. Gamely facing the breeze the champion started on his journey, moving with apparent ease, and at this great speed the runner caught him at the quarter, and a sigh went up from the breath-

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less throng as the time was posted, $29\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. Now the wind was at his back, and realizing the advantage, Ketcham kept him going at his wonderful rate of speed. The half-mile pole was passed in $59\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, a record never before attained by a trotter, and here the second pace-maker joined the whirlwind trotter.

Into the far turn and around it the great stallion thundered, his mighty muscles and machine-like stride carrying him as if on wings. The three-quarter pole was passed in the wonderful time of $1:30\frac{1}{4}$, and the great audience was breathless with excitement. Stern-faced men gazed at their watches in astonishment, and women clutched the arms of their escorts, and their breath came in convulsive sobs, as they watched the gallant animal struggling bravely on in his effort to reach the goal.

Come on Cresceus, battle to the end with the bulldog courage and determination of your long line of glorious ancestors. Do not falter now in the hour of your supreme triumph! No! He does not falter; his courage has stood the test, and superbly he swept into the home-stretch.

The bitter wind beat him in the face, and rang in his ears with a mighty roar. For the fraction of a second he seemed to falter, but Ketcham's encouraging voice reached his ears above the awful roar of the wind and on he came. With that indomitable courage which makes him the champion that he is, he plunged on toward the goal with unweakened stride, and in spite

CRESCEUS BREAKING THE WORLD'S RECORD AT COLUMBUS, OHIO



of the buffeting of wind, dashed under the wire a winner against time in 2:02 $\frac{1}{4}$. It was a glorious moment in the history of the American trotter. It was the most wonderful mile ever trotted by any horse; and on an Ohio track, an Ohio horse, driven by an Ohio man, had triumphed.

The pent-up enthusiasm of the audience broke loose as the champion passed under the wire, and a mighty cheer went up in greeting to horse and driver. Hundreds of shouting, laughing men rushed on to the track to greet the champion and a huge wreath of flowers was placed around his neck. Ketcham, his face flushed with pleasure, was caught up on the shoulders of a dozen enthusiasts and carried into the judge's stand.

The crowd cheered for several minutes and clamored for a speech. When he was able to make himself heard, he said: "I thank you for all this very great enthusiasm which you are showing over the horse. After all it was to be expected that Cresceus would do well, for he was bred in Ohio. Ohio leads in prize-fighters, presidents and horses. I thank you, most sincerely." As Ketcham left the stand, Starting Judge Merrill, with outstretched hand, checked the wild shouting and proposed three cheers for horse and man. With hearty good-will everybody on the grounds joined and made the welkin ring, as Ketcham stood with uncovered head and bowed his thanks.

Cresceus was not unduly fatigued by his effort, and

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half an hour later seemed ready for another record-breaking mile. Hundreds of men and women visited his stall and watched the champion being cooled out. When he was led out for a walk, after being rubbed down, he showed no sign of weariness. His eye was clear and bright, his respiration steady and he capered like a kitten.

The mark set by Cresceus indicated that the two-minute trotter is no longer an impossibility. There seemed to be little doubt in the minds of the horsemen who witnessed the great mile that the champion would have stepped fully a second faster, perhaps in 2:01, or better, but for the opposition of the wind in the last quarter. His half in $59\frac{3}{4}$ seconds was a record-breaking performance. No other trotter had ever approached Cresceus's wonderful speed to the half, but the greatest feat was the first three-quarters in $1:30\frac{1}{4}$, which was a second and a quarter faster than that distance had ever been covered. It means that Cresceus maintained two-minute speed for three-quarters of a mile. He faced the wind for the first eighth without which handicap his time would have been 1:30, doubtless. In speaking of the performance after the trial, Ketcham said: "I brought Cresceus to Columbus to equal or lower his record if all conditions were favorable. I knew the track to be very fast when in good condition, and all depended on the weather, for the horse could be relied on, and was on edge. But when I drove him his warming-up mile and felt the terrific

C R E S C E U S , 2 : 0 2 $\frac{1}{4}$

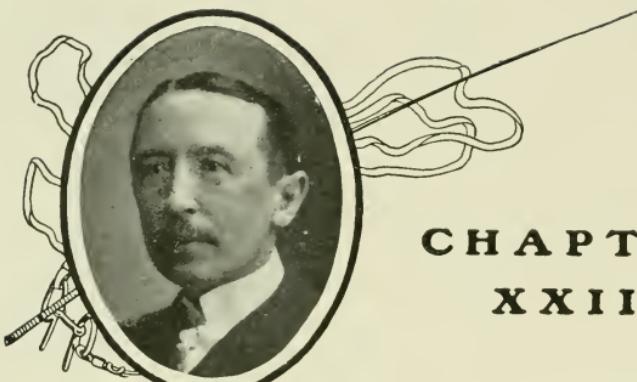
force of the wind, which we would have to combat in the last quarter, I gave up all hope of beating 2:04. I made up my mind that I must reach the half in one minute ever to do that.

"I expected to get to the three-quarter pole in 1:31 $\frac{1}{2}$, and to do the final quarter in 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. But Cresceus did better at all points of the mile than I had counted on. He saved me a quarter of a second in getting to the half, he was a second and a quarter ahead of my rating at the three-quarter pole. Then he came home half a second faster than I thought he could, and all these small gains resulted in the big gain which broke the record. I did not touch him with the whip during the mile. He faltered for an instant at the seventh furlong, but settled at once and finished as he always does, game and strong."

Cresceus's great mile that day at Columbus made him the undisputed champion of champions. The deed was done; a new king had seized the crown and the brightest glory of the Village Farm had departed.



DAN LAKE



H. N. BAIN

CHAPTER XXII

HIS MILE AT POUGHKEEPSIE

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., was the scene of the champion's next attempt to beat the record, and while the attempt was a failure, he made a truly remarkable showing, handicapped as he was by one of the worst tracks on which he ever appeared. He was slated to beat his own record of 2:02 $\frac{1}{4}$, and although he did not accomplish the feat, he trotted a wonderful mile, considering the conditions. The track was cuppy and devoid of life or elasticity. An inch or two of top dressing had lately been laid upon it, but it lacked the spring necessary for a horse to make the kind of speed that stops the watch in the neighborhood of two minutes. The hoof marks indicated that the shoes cut through the top soil and struck an under-surface that was as hard and unresponsive as a stone.

Added to the unfavorable condition of the track was the fact that only one running horse was available to act as a prompter for Cresceus.

A great crowd was present. It looked as if the entire population of the county had turned out to see the great trotter, while many horsemen from New York and surrounding towns were there. Every seat in the grand stand was occupied, the lawn was jammed, and the crowd overflowed into the track. It required the efforts of several officers to keep the course clear in front of the judges' stand. At 2 o'clock Ketcham drove Cresceus his first warming-up mile. The champion was enthusiastically greeted, and then jogged from wire to wire in 2:48. After being cooled out he got another mile in 2:32, which was later followed by one in 2:17, the last half in 1:07. These miles were reeled off in the most matter-of-fact style, without company, and as though such speed was mere childish play. After each trial a crowd surged through the grounds to the champion's stall and crowded about the horse, so that it was a hard matter for the attendants to attend to their duties. Just before going out to make his attempt to beat the record Ketcham said that he did not expect to do better than 2:04 $\frac{1}{2}$ or 2:05, while such experts as Jack Curry, W. J. Andrews, Carll Burr and others said that if he stopped the watch at 2:06 he would be doing better than they expected. When Starting-judge Brush introduced Mr. Ketcham and the champion and announced that Cresceus was

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about to start on his journey, there was a scrambling on the part of the crowd to secure good points of observation, impossible to describe. Some clung with scant foothold to the railing of the steps, leading into the grand stand; many jumped the picket fence on to the track, and there was mighty shouting of "keep down;" "get off the track."

Tim Murnen, the trainer, with the pace-maker, Mike The Tramp, drove up the stretch to the draw-gate to act as prompter. He was turned several lengths above Cresceus and came down behind on a dead run. Cresceus had been breezed past the judges' stand twice at a fairly fast jog, but when he heard the runner thundering behind him he pricked his ears, appeared to lower his head an inch or two despite the check-rein, and as he flashed by the stand was making the speed that took him to the quarter pole in $31\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.

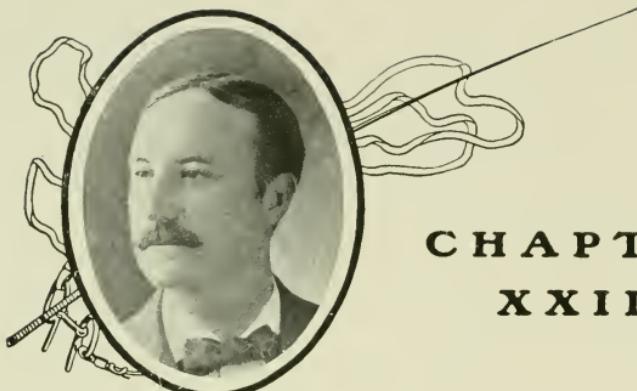
There was no sign of a mistake in his work and no unnecessary motion or lost force; every move counted passing the three-eighth pole; the runner was at Cresceus's saddle, but dropped back to his wheel, going past the half-mile stand in 1:03. At the three-quarter, in $1:35\frac{1}{4}$, the runner again went up to the champion as though he was going to go to the front, but again dropped back and remained at Cresceus's wheel until they started through the home-stretch to the wire.

Half way down the stretch Ketcham took the reins in one hand and with the other began to fan the whip

C R E S C E U S , 2 : 0 2 $\frac{1}{4}$

over Cresceus's back, never touching him, however. The champion appeared to know what was required of him, and gamely made an effort to increase his speed, the runner hanging along at his saddle until near the wire, when he fell back, Cresceus going under the wire in 2:06 $\frac{1}{4}$, with a steady, powerful stride.

When the time was announced the crowd cheered and applauded the champion liberally. At the stable, while Cresceus was being cooled out after the performance, it was noticed that the champion trembled slightly. "That is on account of the track," said Mr. Ketcham; "it was hard on him. I was compelled to drive him a long mile, for I discovered that as soon as I got near the pole he would strike the wheel of the sulky, and consequently I kept him very nearly in the middle of the track. I considered the mile to-day just about as good as 2:03 on the Cleveland track."



FRANK B. WALKER

CHAPTER XXIII

THE BATTLE OF THE KINGS

THE friends of The Abbot, Cresceus's chief rival, had been very insistent in their claim that the ex-champion could defeat the champion in a match race. The wonderful performance of Cresceus was a stunning blow to the admirers of the fast Chimes gelding, and it was a foregone conclusion that a match would be arranged between the two horses. The Abbot, during the previous winter, had passed from the ownership of the Messrs. Hamlin to that of Hon. John J. Scannell, of New York, a leading sportsman and prominent Tammany politician, but he remained in the hands of Mr. Geers, who had been slowly and carefully preparing him for the campaign of 1901.

Cresceus and The Abbot were the most commanding figures in the turf world, and these trotters were

expected to trot in two minutes if it were possible for a horse to reach this coveted record. There was great rejoicing among all lovers of sport when the announcement was made that a match had been arranged between the great Ohio stallion and the dapper son of Chimes. According to the conditions of the match, Cresceus and the Abbot were to meet at Brighton Beach track, New York, on August 15, best three in five heats, for a special purse of \$12,000.

All racing men knew that the race would be the greatest ever seen on the turf. Two of the fastest trotters ever foaled would meet to settle the question of the championship. It was to be a battle of kings, beside which all other turf battles would pale into insignificance.

All over the United States the interest was intense, and people in all walks of life scanned the papers each morning for weeks before the race in their eagerness to learn of the condition of the rival champions. It was the great race of the century, and the entire country was aroused, and no similar event ever created such widespread interest and enthusiasm. Brighton Beach track never saw such a crowd. No race had ever drawn so many spectators. They came from all parts of the United States—from California and from New England, from the Middle West and South—men who loved the trotters poured through the gates until the track was literally flooded with humanity. From the metropolis itself came thousands, many of

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whom had never seen a trotting race, but who had read of the prowess of the two horses and wanted to find out for themselves what a test of speed of this kind was really like.

It was not the kind of crowd one generally sees at the race track on Suburban, Brooklyn or Futurity day. It was not a boisterous, wildly excited, betting mob, but a gathering of cool, calculating students of the trotters, who were there to see and not to gamble. True there was plenty of betting in the ring, but it was not the absorbing topic. The respective merits of Cresceus and The Abbot were discussed, not so much from a speculative standpoint as upon a basis of which was the more wonderful animal and how fast the race would be trotted. Thirty thousand men and women filled the big grand stand, crowded the lawn until it was impossible to move one way or the other, flowed across the track into the infield along the rail, covered many teams and coaches lined there, jammed the betting sheds, and the stands outside the fence along the back-stretch.

Millionaires were there, and so were farmers, who came down to the city with their best clothes on, anxious to see the great horses. Farmers who had money to burn, and who had learned the trotting game at county fairs, were for once in their lives in a crowd that fairly dazed them and took their breath away. They had never seen such an outpouring before. Yet

when the big race was under way they forgot all about their surroundings and glued their eyes on the horses.

It was a day when the trotting horse was monarch, and it was a day of glorious triumph for him. Down in the betting shed there was plenty of speculating. Pools sold as fast as the auctioneer could call the bids at \$1,000 for Cresceus to \$500 for The Abbot, and the weight of money later made the odds three to one in favor of the champion.

About three o'clock it began to drizzle. The umbrellas outside the grand stand popped up ominously and the clouds hung low and threatening. But it was only a scare, for they lifted, and the sun was shining on the two kings when the battle opened. The air remained a trifle close and humid all the afternoon, but this was counterbalanced by the fact that there was practically no wind.

The track was said to be a trifle slow by some critics, but as a matter of fact it was lightning fast. From the stand it looked to have considerable loose dirt on top, which was deceptive, for there was just sufficient to form a perfect cushion, beneath which the soil was admirably firm, elastic and springy.

Both horses were seen about 2 o'clock and both received ovations, differing little in degree, from the crowd. It was hardly possible to criticise the condition of either, so far as outward appearance went.

The Abbot came first, and "He never looked better," was the ripple that ran along the rail as he jogged

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past. He was higher in flesh than was the record breaker of the previous autumn; his rosewood bay coat bloomed, his eye flashed and he moved with the utmost freedom and buoyancy. Cresceus seemed a better looking horse than the year before. Some of his flesh had gone in the past five weeks' hard work and his ribs showed a trifle, but he was just as determined and eager for the fray as ever. Both horses were aired several times before the race was called, but neither stepped faster than 2:28, with quarters much below a 2:20 gait.

Cresceus was rigged for the race in a two-minute harness, with blind bridle and side-check, and wore white felt knee, shin and quarter boots, forward and combination shin, ankle and speedy cut boots, with hock extension behind. Ketcham weighed in at 172 and rode in a black Faber sulky weighing thirty pounds, the same one used by Cresceus at Detroit, Cleveland and Columbus.

The Abbot wore ordinary harness, with breast collar and breeching, open bridle, knee and heel boots forward, and light cuff boots on his hind ankles. He drew a brand new bluish-white twenty-five pound Faber sulky, and Mr. Geers weighed in at 176 pounds.

Messrs. Ketcham and Geers elected to abide by the toss of a coin for the choice of positions. Secretary McCully flipped a coin in front of the stand, and Ketcham won the pole.

It was just 3:40 o'clock when they turned to score

for the first heat. Cresceus was a wild horse on the instant. The moment he wheeled it was as if he had been touched with electricity, and while Geers made no great effort, it was plain that The Abbot could not foot with him to the wire. It was the same on the second attempt.

The third time down The Abbot broke loose, and Starting Judge Frank Walker, his face flushed with excitement, caught them head and head and shouted "Go." The pace was terrific, and Cresceus was fighting for his head so that Ketcham had to give him his will.

He rushed around the bend like a wild locomotive, and was an open length in front already at the eighth pole. "Why, he'll make a runaway race of it," yelled a man in the stand. It looked that way. At the quarter, which he trotted in $30\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, he was four lengths ahead and moving like a hurricane. Mr. Geers had dropped in next to the pole and was trailing with the gelding; but once safely around the turn, The Abbot, too, began to show what was in him. With his flying frictionless stride he was fairly burning up the track, and the effort gained him two lengths, but there was an open length of daylight between them as Cresceus thundered past the half in $1:01\frac{1}{4}$. As the timers flashed these figures there was a general suppressed shout of "They'll break the record, sure." As the flying pair swept round the upper turn The Abbot continued, slowly but surely and fairly, by mere inches

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to gain. Cresceus had swung wide on the lower turn, and Geers, who dearly loves to steal in next the rail, watched for him to do so again coming home. The Abbot was fairly skinning the inner rail, but the chance he hoped for, of coming through there, never came. The three-quarters was reached in $1:32\frac{1}{4}$, and then, as they straightened out, Geers pulled quickly out and began his drive. The ex-champion's flaring nostrils flanked up to the flying stallion's wheel and got no further. It was the supreme moment. Ketcham drew his whip and flicked it lightly over Cresceus's back, and he sprung away and opened up a gap of daylight on the instant. Then Geers, too, drew his gad, and The Abbot felt it twice. He responded, and for a fleeting instant looked once more to be gaining; but it was for that instant only.

Ketcham was driving and rousing Cresceus with all his art, and he kept on like resistless fate. It was no use, and Geers gave in and stopped driving twenty-five yards from the wire.

The applause which had broken forth when Geers pulled out and made his bid with The Abbot had swelled into a perfect pandemonium as the chestnut champion shot past the winning post, with Ketcham already easing him, in $2:03\frac{1}{4}$, a half length of daylight between him and The Abbot.

As the figures went up and the horses returned to the stand there was a storm of applause. But at that it was not what it would have been had the result been

reversed, for Tammany was out in force and would have torn down the grand stand had Big Chief Scan nell's champion won.

At the conclusion of the heat the crush in the paddock was immense, and the ropes stretched around Cresceus were tested to their full strength. Almost as many besieged The Abbot. Neither horse seemed at all distressed. Both horses blew out quickly and stood firm and stout on their legs. Cresceus is always indifferent to stolidity, but The Abbot was full of fire, and tossed his head and looked about him with brilliant eyes and eager ears.

For the second heat they scored at 4:17 o'clock. Cresceus again came down like a raging lion, tugging for his head and begging to be freed from restraint. He was fairly appalling to look upon as he swept past the stand for the start. The Abbot could not get to him, and they tried again, when they came down perfectly aligned and footing at a dizzy pace, but fully on their stride and trotting smooth as machines.

As before, Cresceus immediately began to draw away. Twenty yards from the wire The Abbot threw up his head and tried to break. His driver steadied him and he went on, but just as he entered the turn he jumped off his feet. They went the first eighth in thirteen seconds, time unparalleled in racing. There was a groan of dismay from the Tammany braves.

Every one who knew The Abbot's breaks knew it was all over. If Ketcham knew what had happened

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he gave no sign, but sent Cresceus along as if his enemy was hard on his heels. He reached the quarter in $31\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, and The Abbot, far in his wake, was just recovering at the middle of the turn. Geers straightened out his defeated champion and started in his hopeless chase of the champion. He might as well have thought to get within hailing distance of a fast mail train. Cresceus rated off to the half in $1:02\frac{1}{2}$, and was at the three-quarters in $1:35$. "Will Cresceus shut him out?" asked each man of his neighbor. The Abbot was trotting fast and true, but he was a sixteenth of a mile behind and the flag was at the short distance. All doubts were over when, as he straightened for home, Ketcham called on Cresceus and began driving him. "He'll do it, sure," said the anxious watchers—and he did.

Cresceus trotted the stretch in $31\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, and, as he reached the finish, in $2:06\frac{1}{4}$, The Abbot was two lengths the wrong side of the flag. Great cheering greeted the champion as he jogged back to the stand, and there was another outburst of enthusiasm when it was announced that Ketcham would drive Cresceus an extra mile in an exhibition with a view to breaking the race record for three heats.

In the trial Cresceus was accompanied by two runners, and easily trotted the mile in $2:05$, but as the race with The Abbot ended the second heat, the third mile can only rank as an exhibition, though it gave Cresceus the distinction of having gone the three fastest heats

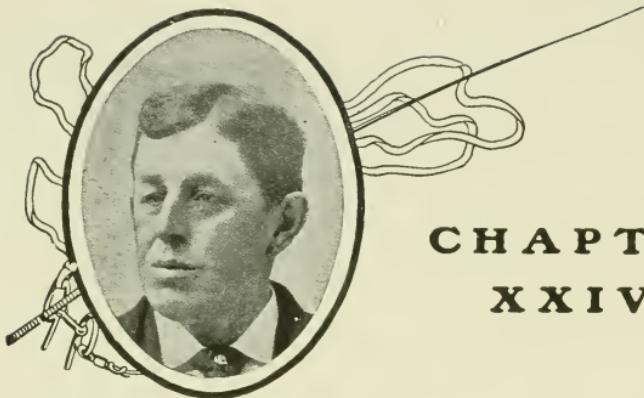
C R E S C E U S , 2 : 0 2 $\frac{1}{4}$

ever trotted—2:03 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:06 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:05. The fractional time of this mile was 30 $\frac{1}{2}$, 1:01 $\frac{1}{2}$, 1:34, 2:05.

After the race Ketcham said: "Cresceus won, and I leave the public to form its own opinion. All that I can say is that Cresceus outstepped The Abbot from the start. We beat him out on the getaway in the first heat and headed him home to the wire. Cresceus trotted a grand race: he knew just what was required of him when he came on the track, and I think his performance showed that he did himself justice. Cresceus was ready for the race of his life when he faced the starter, and I was confident he would win. The track was in good condition, and Cresceus had no trouble at all only on the last turn, where I had to hold him a trifle. I think the race has settled the championship honors. I brought Cresceus here to defeat The Abbot, and I wanted to finish up the job as quickly and effectually as possible. To have taken my horse back and allowed The Abbot to get inside the flag would have savored of hippodrome racing. As it was, everybody on the grounds went away knowing they had seen a genuine horse race.

"Many were somewhat disappointed, perhaps, that it ended so suddenly and unexpectedly, but this was much better than a longer race in which there was a truce."

The winning of the great championship race made Cresceus king indeed, and the gallant stallion won the race in record-breaking time. After that race no man offered to dispute his right to the title.



E. F. GEERS

CHAPTER XXIV

CRESCCEUS DEFEATS LORD DERBY

THE champion's next engagement was at Readville, on August 22, and he added one more victory to his credit. He made his appearance in the free-for-all trot, and with neatness and dispatch disposed of Charley Herr and Lord Derby.

The followers of The Abbot had despaired of beating the champion with The Abbot, and had built their hopes upon the other crack trotter of the Village Farm stable, Lord Derby. This fast trotter had shown extreme speed, and was thought to be a hardier, stouter-hearted trotter than The Abbot, and for that reason was thought able to cope with the sturdy champion. Charley Herr was not in the fine condition which so distinguished his career the previous year, and in consequence Lord Derby was depended upon to lower the

colors of Cresceus. It was only a faint hope, however, as few there were that really thought Lord Derby would prove equal to the task cut out for him.

The fact that Cresceus was to race brought out fifteen thousand people. Every available spot within the stretch was occupied by a surging crowd. All the notable horsemen gathered in the grand stand, the aisles of which were utilized by people who had stood through five hours of racing. In front were gathered men, women and children, all craning their necks to get a glimpse of the champion. The open stand at the left was also crowded, and the lawn up to the turn was one dense throng. Inside the ring, tally-hos, barouches and turnouts of every description stood, with their owners and friends standing on tip-toes to witness the great race. Along the rail, from turn to turn, on the stretch, was a long string of people, two and three rows deep, eager to see the great battle between Cresceus, Lord Derby and Charley Herr. The piazzas and porch of the Gentlemen's Driving Club were also crowded with members and their friends. The first of the big trio to put in an appearance on the track was Cresceus, and he was greeted with great applause. Lord Derby next appeared, and was also applauded. Then came the Kentucky champion, Charley Herr, limping, and evidently in no condition to do battle with the champion.

Hardly any breeze was blowing when the great trio came down for the word the first time, but Starting

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Judge Frank Walker did not send them away, for Charley Herr, who had the pole, was not on even terms with the other two.

They scored a second time, but failed to get away. The third time down they were off. Ketcham sent Cresceus to the front at the first turn, and Lord Derby followed in his wake, with Charley Herr last. At the quarter the champion was leading by two lengths, in $31\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, with Charley Herr struggling along about the same distance back of Lord Derby.

Down the back-stretch Cresceus led by two lengths, with Lord Derby drawing away from Charley Herr, who was practically out of the hunt. Cresceus was at the half in $1:04\frac{1}{4}$, and Lord Derby was still two lengths back. Around the turn the champion maintained his advantage, and was at the three-quarters in $1:36\frac{3}{4}$. Geers began his drive with Lord Derby at this point and plied the whip on the back of the gelding, but he could not overhaul Cresceus, who trotted steadily on, and won the heat by a length in $2:07\frac{1}{4}$.

Poor Charley Herr for once in his life saw the distance flag waved in his face.

As the champion dashed under the wire he was given a great ovation at the hands of the audience. The second and final heat furnished the entertainment of the afternoon. Cresceus was quickly in the lead, and was at the quarter two lengths in the lead in $:31\frac{3}{4}$.

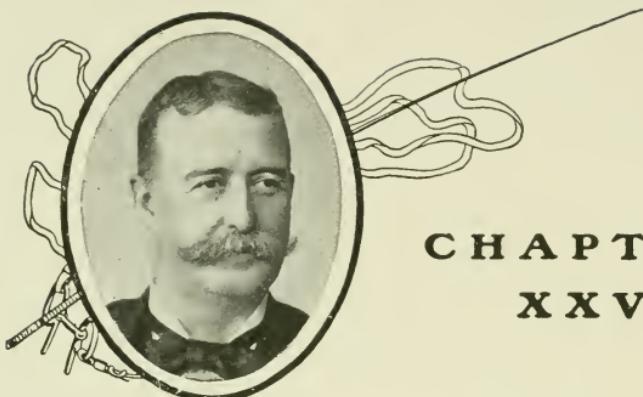
Through the back-stretch the champion increased his speed and reached the half in $1:04$. Geers began

C R E S C E U S , 2 : 0 2 $\frac{1}{4}$

driving Lord Derby, and the gelding began to gain on the champion, who was trotting along easily, unmindful of the coming of his rival. At the three-quarters, in 1:35 $\frac{1}{4}$, Lord Derby had poked his nose in front of Cresceus, and his followers began to take heart. His lead was only for a fleeting second, however, as the champion responded grandly when Ketcham called on him, and he quickly headed Lord Derby, who could not stand the awful clip, and went to a break. Cresceus won the heat with plenty to spare in 2:06.

The last half was trotted in 1:01 $\frac{3}{4}$, and the last quarter in 29 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, the fastest last quarter ever trotted in a race. It was also the fastest mile ever trotted over the Readville track. Cresceus was met with the cheers of the assembled thousands as he jogged back to the stand, and Ketcham was kept busy for several minutes doffing his cap and bowing to the audience. As he dismounted from the sulky he was presented with a magnificent floral horseshoe, and the crowd cheered once more.

Cresceus, unmindful of the cheers and roses of the fickle public, was led away to his quarters, with another decisive victory to his credit.



COL. ISAAC I. GOFF

CHAPTER XXV

CHAMPION APPEARED AT PROVIDENCE

CRESCEUS had met and conquered all of his rivals, and had indeed earned the championship by grandly won victories. Another match had been partially arranged with The Abbot, to be trotted at Charter Oak Park, Hartford, but a few days before the time scheduled it was declared off, and the champion made his next public appearance at Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I., on August 31, in an effort to lower his record of 2:02 $\frac{1}{4}$. He failed in the attempt, but his mile in 2:05 was simply wonderful, considering the fact that he had taken part in a number of the fastest races ever trotted and in each of them had distinguished himself.

As usual, whenever and wherever Cresceus appeared there was a great audience present to see him make the attempt to lower his record. Many thousands cheered the champion on in the fast mile, and although

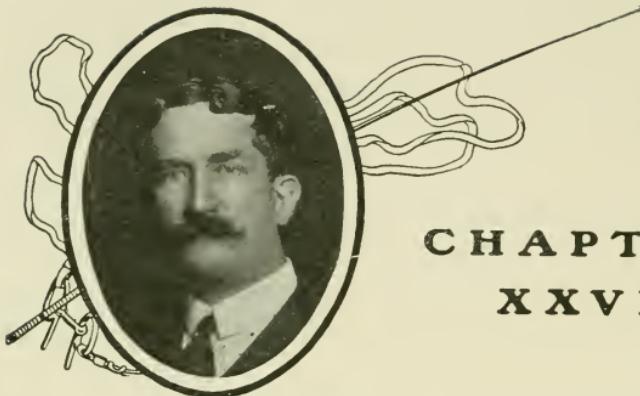
C R E S C E U S , 2 : 0 2 $\frac{1}{4}$

he failed, the applause was none the less hearty when he reached the wire.

There was a brisk breeze blowing during the early hours of the afternoon, but it died away when the day waned, and the weather conditions were nearly ideal at 6 o'clock, when the champion appeared, and Ketcham announced that he was ready for the trip against time.

Two runners scored along side, and after several false starts, the word was finally given and the great trotter was off in an effort to beat all previous records. The champion was trotting at a high rate of speed going away, and his long, far-reaching stride carried him to the quarter in $31\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, with the struggling runner a length back. The second pace-maker joined him at the quarter, and away he sped to the half in $1:02\frac{1}{4}$. He increased his speed through the next quarter, and dashed by the three-quarter pole in $1:34\frac{1}{2}$, and swift as a ray of light rounded the last turn and began the journey home. Ketcham was calling upon the champion for the last mighty effort and switched the whip to and fro across his back, but it did not touch him. He finished splendidly, stepping the last quarter in $30\frac{1}{2}$ seconds and the mile in $2:05$. The record was not broken, but the mile was grandly trotted, and the great audience cheered both horse and driver as they came back to the stand.

Ketcham was presented with a beautiful basket of flowers and bowed his thanks to the audience.



THOMAS W. LAWSON

CHAPTER XXVI

CRESCEUS DOUBLY CROWNED KING

DURING the winter a match race had been arranged between Cresceus, Boralma and Charley Herr. The announcement of the match created a great deal of discussion, and when during the summer the race was declared off and forfeit paid to Cresceus, a great deal of comment, some of it rather unfavorable, was indulged in by the public. It is not necessary at this time to enter into the details of this discussion, but the matter was arranged and settled in a manner perfectly satisfactory to all parties concerned. Later Mr. Thomas W. Lawson announced that he would give a purse of \$20,000 for a race between Cresceus and The Abbot, the race to be trotted over the Readville course on September 21, the gate receipts of the day to go to the West End Nursery, a Boston charitable institution.

After some discussion the match was made upon the above terms. The race did not prove to be as sensa-

tional as the great race at Brighton Beach. While Cresceus beat The Abbot in the most decisive manner, and showed himself to be the better race horse, the time was hardly as fast as had been expected by the audience. The performance of Cresceus throughout was splendid, and it was sufficient to show that in all kinds of conditions he was the peer of them all. Not once during the four heats did he break, and his exhibition of gameness and speed in the last heat, when he snatched victory from The Abbot, was wonderful. Experts said that the track was fully a second and a half slow. The footing was bad, and in the last two heats both drivers were obliged to pull their charges to the side of the track opposite the pole, where the footing was a trifle better. There was no spring to the track at all, and every time the horses' feet struck the ground the surface caved in. The back-stretch caused the greatest trouble, and here the horses actually sank into the clay at every stride. About twenty thousand people passed through the turnstiles, and were scattered over the lawn, infield and quarter-stretch, while the supplementary stand and club house veranda were one mass of humanity. The horses got a warm reception when they appeared, and the audience appeared to favor The Abbot slightly. The confidence of the admirers of The Abbot made the ex-champion the favorite in the betting, and many tickets were sold before the first heat—The Abbot, \$100; Cresceus, \$60.

Several scores were necessary before Starting Judge

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Walker caught them in line, and shouted "Go." Geers tried rushing tactics with The Abbot, and the audience settled back, expecting a fast mile. On the turn The Abbot went to a break, and a suppressed murmur of disappointment swept over the big crowd. Cresceus opened a big lead and had no trouble to win in $2:10\frac{1}{2}$. It was mere jog for the champion, and he had easy work throughout the mile.

The second heat went to The Abbot in $2:08\frac{1}{2}$. Geers kept his horse in the rear until the half-mile pole was reached, then with a rush went up to Cresceus, and the pair had a brush that wildly excited the onlookers. The entire audience stood on their seats cheering the victory of The Abbot, while a number of "rail birds" tumbled down on the track in their excitement.

The friends of Mr. Scannell rushed over to his box, and for a few minutes he was busy shaking hands. The hopes of the admirers of The Abbot were dashed to the ground in the third heat, and the cheers were replaced by a murmur of dismay. The Abbot broke shortly after they left the wire, and the heat was a mere walkover for Cresceus. Never did The Abbot get within striking distance, and the champion finished in a jog in $2:09\frac{1}{2}$. If the comment of the crowd carried any weight The Abbot was lucky in not being shut out. The fourth heat was another "waiting heat" for The Abbot, as Geers was content to trail Cresceus to the home-stretch. At the three-quarter pole The Abbot caught Cresceus and began to draw away from

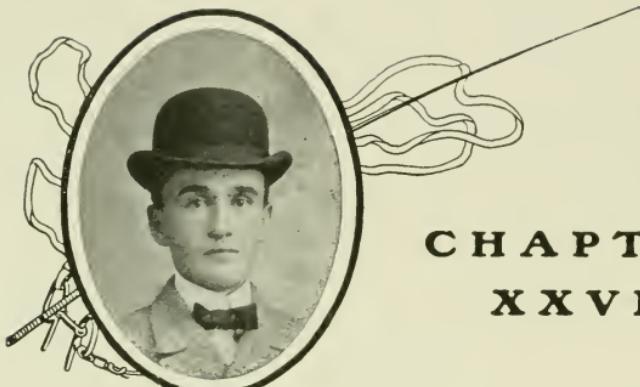
him. Coming down the home-stretch Cresceus was coming up on the pole and was gaining. Geers saw him and lashed The Abbot, but instead of a response the gelding slackened up and the champion passed him. The Abbot was tired, and Geers gave up the struggle and merely jogged to the wire. Cresceus finished ten lengths in the lead. The champion was wildly cheered, but it was clear that the majority of the crowd was disappointed. Mr. Scannell, the owner of The Abbot, said: "We were beaten, the best horse won; that is all I have to say."

Ketcham said: "The result was just what I expected. The race was not a satisfactory one. The footing was bad and troubled both horses. Cresceus was far from being in good condition, and I have the same opinion of The Abbot."

The softness of the track made it almost impossible for The Abbot to keep his gait. In this race Cresceus had once more dethroned his rival, and The Abbot's most enthusiastic admirers freely conceded that Cresceus was king of all trotters.



JOHN J. SCANNELL



EDDIE MITCHELL

CHAPTER XXVII

CRESCEUS AT PHILADELPHIA

THE race with The Abbot at Boston was the last race in which Cresceus took part during the year 1901. He had met and defeated all the stars, and there being no other champions willing to try conclusions with the brilliant Ohio champion, his efforts during the rest of the season were confined exclusively to exhibition miles. He gave a series of exhibitions across the continent, and made a triumphal tour from the Atlantic to the Pacific. During this tour he appeared before great crowds of enthusiastic people, who vied with each other in doing honor to the world's greatest champion trotting race horse. The champion began his exhibition tour at Belmont track, Philadelphia, on September 26, and over the historic old course he trotted one of the greatest miles of his

career. Every vantage ground at the Belmont track was occupied two hours before the event of the afternoon took place. Indeed, at 12 o'clock the grand stand was well filled, and the club house balconies were reduced to standing room only.

Eight thousand people were present, and the magnetic name, "Cresceus," was on every tongue. Groups of men and women gathered in the club house and on the lawn and discussed the probabilities of a fast mile. Hundreds paid tribute to the famous trotter before he was taken out for his warming-up miles. They flocked to his quarters, bent on a sight of the equine wonder, and hundreds of fair hands patted the champion and rubbed his velvety nose.

Nearly every prominent horseman in Pennsylvania was there, and society was there in force, all anxious for a glimpse of the marvel from the West. When Cresceus appeared for the great trial against time, disdainful of the clatter of eight thousand pairs of hands clapping for him, he jogged past the club house and grand stand with his long, lazy stride, apparently not in the least interested in the cheering, but rather intent on the task that had been set for him. The pacemaker, Mike The Tramp, drew alongside the champion and awaited the word. After four false breaks, on the fifth time down the word was given. Starting at a jog, with every stride the champion increased his speed, until when he went under the wire he passed the judge's stand like a lightning bolt. "He's off," rang

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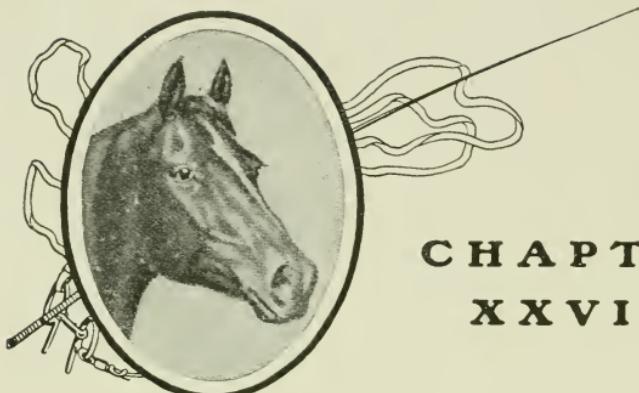
through the grand stand, and the trial began. Cresceus going like a mighty piece of machinery, his every movement a picture, inspired the spectators. Ketcham merely held him with a steady rein, and the champion was drawing away from his speedy running mate as he went to the quarter.

A hundred watches were held upon him, and as he passed the quarter in $30\frac{1}{4}$ seconds there was much figuring on the time in which he was likely to do the mile. The champion was going easily on the back-stretch and negotiated the half-mile in 1:01, which proved that he had trotted the second quarter well within the figures established by Alix, the previous holder of the Belmont track record. At the half Mike The Tramp, who had to run like the wind to keep within hearing of the champion, relinquished his place to Corn Cob, another pace-maker. The pick-up was faultless, and the runner cut out a fast gait. As the pair made for the three-quarter pole, Mike The Tramp joined them, and a pretty race was witnessed. Coming up the hill to the three-quarter pole a man in the stand shouted, "He's broke." With the two pace-makers neck and neck with the champion, it looked from the stand as though Cresceus had made a mistake. A sigh of disappointment could be heard on all sides, but the next instant Ketcham called on the champion, and as his fine head showed in front of his pace-makers it was plainly seen that he was going as well as ever and had not changed his stride. The three-quarter pole

C R E S C E U S , 2 : 0 2 $\frac{1}{4}$

was reached in 1:33, faster than any trotter had ever gone the distance at Belmont. Cresceus rounded into the stretch a picture to excite admiration. Ketcham was holding the same steadyng rein and talking urgently to the champion. Cresceus was the pace-maker now, and the runners were struggling to keep up with the champion. The spectators were all enthusiasm now, and as Cresceus rapidly closed up the distance to the wire admiration broke out in a mighty cheer as the gallant stallion passed under the wire in 2:04 $\frac{1}{2}$.

After the race Ketcham said: "It was the greatest mile of his racing career. It was better than his mark of 2:02 $\frac{1}{4}$ over the Columbus, Ohio, track, for the latter is at least three seconds faster than the Belmont course with other conditions the same." Again and again Ketcham was forced to doff his cap in acknowledgment of the great ovation tendered him and the champion. Hundreds of enthusiasts clambered over the iron picket fence, and in an instant horse and driver were surrounded. Then the mounted police were called into service and a passage cleared for Cresceus, and he was led to his stall, with the crowd still cheering.



ROBERT MCGREGOR

CHAPTER **XXVIII**

AT HISTORIC OLD PIMLICO TRACK

HISTORIC old Pimlico track, at Baltimore, Md., has been the scene of many gatherings during the past quarter of a century, but the appearance of Cresceus brought together a great crowd on October 3, which represented the wealth, beauty and fashion of the aristocratic old city of Baltimore.

It was a breezy afternoon in early October, and the lights and shadows of swiftly-moving clouds impressed their check-work on the landscape that had about it the hint of the orange and gold that would soon make it glorious. The track stretched out a mile in circumference, beginning and ending at a picturesque grand stand that was packed with the beauty and chivalry of a great city. In the infield were tally-hos, family car-

riages, brakes, runabouts, and the flotsam and jetsam that ever hedge about a race meeting, for all this was a horse meeting at which over ten thousand people gathered to see the greatest trotter of all time make one of his most heroic efforts. For two hours the people were gathering and waiting somewhat impatiently for the great event. Ever and anon the crowd, being constantly augmented, arose to its feet and breathed the magic word "Cresceus," and the cynosure of all eyes was a big chestnut stallion, attired in all the conventional trappings that make up the regalia of a trotter. The horse quietly trots up and down the stretch, and once in a while goes the entire length of the course. Once he circles the track in 2:41, once in 2:27 $\frac{1}{4}$, and then he steps one mile in 2:23, and he does it with that same philosophic ease that may be noticed about the family Dobbin as he wags along the road to the camp-meeting.

The wind is sweeping fiercely from the northwest and down the back-stretch, and horsemen know that it is blowing a gale, precluding in their minds all possibility of the great horse clipping a fraction off his record of 2:02 $\frac{1}{4}$. The track, set in its picturesque surroundings, is slow and dead, for it had rained the night before, and while the work of the track superintendent had smoothed out the wrinkles somewhat, it was hopelessly rough, cuppy and dead. When all is ready Cresceus ambles lazily down to about one yard from

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the starting line, when he is turned and scored down for the word.

Here, presto! a lightning change takes place. The horse that ambled down, apparently suffering from general lassitude, turns and flashes back, energy incarnate. His neck is stretched and his nostrils begin to dilate, while his eyes seem to burn in their intensity, and the splendid muscles in his body quiver, ready for the great effort. Yet he does not tug at the reins, but is simply keyed up for the effort, like the tiger for his fatal spring. Three times he comes down with the pace-maker, Mike The Tramp, alongside; then "Go!" yells the starter, and stop-watches all over the place click.

The champion and his pace-maker reach the quarter, and ":30" flashes from the timers' stand. With neck extended, and without wasting a particle of effort, Cresceus plunges into the wind that meets him and roars around his driver's ears. At his saddle tears the running horse, and words of encouragement are shouted at him by Ketcham and Murnen, who is behind the runner. The great horse's legs work like machinery, and he trots with prodigious strides, and with never a suggestion of a break, $1:02\frac{1}{2}$ is hung out from the stand as the champion flew by the half-mile pole, and $1:34$ goes up as he reaches the three-quarter pole.

At the half-mile pole stood the good old hunter, Beauregard, with Bob Boyce, a most expert jockey, on

his back. Boyce got Beauregard going as the whirling cavalcade came toward the half-mile pole with Cresceus in the middle, and Mike The Tramp on the outside. This is the way they finished, and with runners thundering on each side of him, and their riders encouraging him, and Ketcham exhorting him to the supreme effort, mighty Cresceus came home in 2:05 $\frac{1}{2}$. It was a new record for old Pimlico, and the fastest mile ever trotted in the state of Maryland.

Thousands of excited men and boys rush over the barriers and completely jam the broad "home-stretch" around Ketcham, who is cheered to the echo, and is so rudely jostled by the enthusiasts wanting to shake his hand and congratulate him that he has to be protected by a pair of brawny policemen. The way to the Judge's stand is blocked and Col. Chris Rosenbrock elbows his way to Ketcham and presents him with a gigantic horse-shoe of flowers.

It was a great day for the horse enthusiasts of the good old city of Baltimore.



ALBERT NEUHAUSEL

CHAPTER XXIX

IN THE NAME OF CHARITY

MR. THOMAS W. LAWSON, of Boston, during the winter of 1900, offered a purse of \$5,000 for a match race between Cresceus and Charley Herr, the race to be trotted during the meeting of the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association at Lexington, Ky. The proposition of Mr. Lawson was accepted by Mr. Ketcham, and also by Mr. David Cahill, owner of Charley Herr, and the race was looked forward to by horsemen with considerable interest.

Cresceus was shipped to Lexington, Ky., from Baltimore, and was in readiness to trot against the Kentucky champion. Charley Herr, however, was in such poor condition that Mr. Lawson, a few days before

the date of the race, withdrew his offer, and the race was declared off.

From Lexington, Ky., Cresceus was shipped to Toledo, Ohio. The champion was once more upon his native heath, the beautiful city by the lake, where every man, woman and child was his devoted friend and admirer.

He had during his tour met all of his rivals, and his victories over all of them were so clean-cut and decisive that no man dared dispute his claims to the championship. It was a real champion, and a king indeed, that returned to his home that autumn day, and the entire city rejoiced at the home-coming of the horse that had made Toledo famous. The champion was brought back to Toledo to perform one of the noblest acts of his career. He came to trot a mile in the name of sweet charity, "whose other name is love."

On June 13, Mr. Ketcham addressed the following letter to Hon. Samuel M. Jones, mayor of Toledo:

"My Dear Sir:

"To show my appreciation of the kindly feeling expressed toward my horse, Cresceus, by the people of this community, and to be able to do some good in a small way, and to return the many courtesies that have been extended to me, I herewith donate the service of Cresceus for an exhibition at the Toledo Driving Park some day this fall, to be decided upon later, the entire

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proceeds of the same to be donated to the charitable institutions of Lucas county, of every denomination, in proportion to the number of tickets each association shall sell, and I ask you to join with me in making a day of pleasure for those who attend, and that they, by so attending, may feel that they are helping a worthy cause.

“I respectfully ask that you appoint a committee to take entire charge of this matter in order that a large sum can be realized for distribution, and I suggest that you appoint on this committee, with others that you may name, one or two representative pastors of the city, the chairman of the County Commissioners, the secretary of the Young Men’s Christian Association, Rev. Father O’Brien and George Sheets, of East Toledo; Messrs. S. C. Schenck, R. A. Stevens, John E. Gunckel, Gen’l C. M. Spitzer, Albert Neuhausel, Rev. Father Hannin, Charles Hall, and Messrs. Cochran, Locke, and Crouse, of the daily press, it being understood that you are to be chairman of the committee.

“In making this tender of an exhibition by Cresceus, I must stipulate that the price of admission be only twenty-five cents, in order that the same may be within the reach of all, that no one be debarred from enjoying a pleasant holiday, and that the tickets for the grand stand be as much extra as the committee see fit, so as to realize the most money. By devoting the morning to base ball and other games, and in the after-

noon having athletic contests, automobile races and an exhibition by the horses of my stable, I believe we can entertain the people in a pleasant and healthful manner, by giving them more fun than they ever had for the same amount of money, and, at the same time, realizing a handsome sum of money to devote to the relief of the unfortunate of our community.

“I trust the proposition will meet with your approval, and I stand ready to meet you half way in any suggestion you may make.

“With kind regards, believe me,

“Respectfully,

“GEO. H. KETCHAM.”

This proposition met with the hearty approval of Mayor Jones, who replied as follows:

“TOLEDO, OHIO, June 14, 1901.

“*My Dear Sir:*

“I am in receipt of your letter of the 13th inst., expressing your generous and patriotic proposition to donate the service of the noble horse Cresceus for the public exhibition at the Toledo Driving Park for the benefit of Toledo charities; and on behalf of the city which I have the honor to represent, and especially of the poor, the sick and the suffering, who are to be the beneficiaries of this effort, I desire to thank you most cordially for the offer, and will say that it will be my pleasure to co-operate in every way possible

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to carry out your plan in the broadly democratic and all-inclusive spirit that has evidently inspired you.

"It is quite the fashion in these days in certain circles to cry out against charity, on the ground that 'when we have justice we shall have no need of charity.' I believe this is literally true, and I also believe that from present indications it will be many decades, possibly some centuries, before humanity will have learned just social and political relation, and pending that time, I am sure that the sweet spirit of charity, whose other name is love, must represent the divine impulse that is looking and longing for the better day.

"I heartily approve your suggestions as to the make-up of the committee, and in the additions that I propose, I have merely sought to supplement and carry out the ideas that you have suggested rather than to introduce any new ones of my own. I sincerely hope that the spirit that has prompted you to make this offer may inspire others who are in position to do so, to co-operate to the end that the whole city for one blessed day of the year, may have relief from the sordid business of getting and may devote their thoughts to the joy and delight of giving, even if it be but little. Those whom you have suggested as suitable persons to become members of the committee to take charge of this matter are: John Wright, Fred A Brown, Father O'Brien, Father Hannin, George Sheets, S. C. Schenck, B. A. Stevens, John F. Gunckel, Gen'l C. M. Spitzer, Albert Neuhausen, Charles Hall, Negley

Cochran, Robinson Locke, H. P. Crouse, these three representing the daily press.

“To which I have added the following: H. C. Vor-treide, Edwin Tippett, Wm. H. Morehouse, Charles Strobel, A. E. Lang, George H. Ketcham, Dr. J. V. Newton, Rev. Charles W. Potter, Rev. Theodore Harst, George Hamon, E. P. Usher, and James M. Brown.

“I suggest that a preliminary meeting of this committee be held at the mayor’s office, Tuesday evening, June 18, at half past seven, for the purpose of organization, and all are urgently requested to attend.

“Very sincerely yours,

“S. M. JONES, Mayor.”

Friday, October 11, was selected as the date of “Cresceus Day.” It was the day of the home-coming of Cresceus, champion trotter of the world. After a season of marvelous speed performances and unprecedented triumphs on the track, the great stallion was to appear before the people of the city where he was bred, born and raised. At the last meeting of the committee having the affair in charge, held the day before Cresceus Day, all reports were that everything depended upon the weather. So when the sun came up bright and warm on Friday morning the hearts of all interested were gladdened and the good people of Northwestern Ohio and Southern Michigan started for Toledo. The air was just comfortably warm, so

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that light overcoats were a burden, and the women—God bless them!—were enabled to make the last public appearance of the year in summer garments. In the morning the streets were alive with people. In the afternoon they went to the fair grounds. Such a half holiday Toledo has not seen in many years. The street cars were crowded to their fullest capacity, and it seemed as if nearly every available horse and vehicle in Toledo were on their way to the fair grounds.

A year before, when the wonderful horse and his owner came home after a series of track triumphs, a magnificent reception was given horse and driver by the people. This year Mr. Ketcham stated that he wanted no ovation for himself and his horse at the close of the season, but that he wanted to give the people of Northwestern Ohio an opportunity to see the horse trot on behalf of charity. Cresceus Day was the fulfillment of this desire upon the part of Mr. Ketcham.

Just before Cresceus was brought on the track for his first mile, Mr. Ketcham stood in front of the grand stand ready for his drive. His face was lighted up with a smile of happiness and contentment, and he was in rare good humor as he talked with his friends—everybody seemed to be his friend, too. The grand stand was filled, every seat was occupied. As far as the eye could see up the stretch and down the turn the people were packed as tight as possible on both sides of the track, outside the fences. The crowd stretched around the entire circumference of the track.

The space enclosed on the track was filled with buggies, victorias, carriages, automobiles, vehicles of all possible description. It was a beautiful picture. As Ketcham stood there waiting for Cresceus, who was being led down the stretch by attendants, Mayor Jones came through the gate, walked up to Ketcham, grasped him warmly by the hand and said: "Mr. Ketcham, I wired my congratulations to you, but I want to take this first opportunity of greeting you in person and congratulating you on the wonderful performance of your noble horse." Mr. Ketcham thanked him and then his face grew serious. "Mr. Mayor," he said, "this is my mother's birthday. She is eighty years old to-day. When she came here in 1835 all this country was a wilderness. Her father was the first mayor of Toledo. My efforts to-day are her contribution to charity on her eightieth birthday as a manifestation of her appreciation of the good health and prosperity she has enjoyed in this community. I am only sorry that her health is such to-day that she can not grace the occasion with her presence."

Then it was that the members of the Cresceus Day committee knew for the first time why Mr. Ketcham made it a condition early in the season that Cresceus Day should be on the eleventh day of October. So when the charities of Toledo received their share of the proceeds of Cresceus Day, they understood that it was the result of a son's tribute to his mother.

Twenty thousand or more were present on Cresceus

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Day, and for all its immensity, it was a good-natured crowd. People stepped on one another's toes, soiled each other's coats and gowns, pushed, crowded and jammed, but they didn't lose their tempers, and everybody cheered Cresceus and Ketcham. Cresceus Day was signalized by the establishment of two world's records by the champion. He trotted a mile to sulky in 2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$, the fastest mile ever trotted over a half-mile track, and also trotted a mile to wagon in 2:12, another world's record. It was at 3:40 o'clock when Cresceus appeared for the trial against the world's half-mile track record of 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$. As the champion came down the stretch the band played "Hail to the Chief," and the crowd, catching the spirit of the occasion, demonstrated its enthusiasm by cheering. Tim Murnen, with Mike The Tramp, also appeared, and Ketcham announced that he was ready.

The track was in first-class condition, but a stiff breeze blowing up the home-stretch it was feared would handicap the champion. More like a great machine than flesh and blood, Cresceus rushed forward for the start. There was not a skip, his knees moving up and down like the piston rods of a locomotive. "Go," shouted Starting Judge Wheeler, and the champion was once more doing battle with old Father Time. The pace-maker had the pole as the horses flashed by the stand, but going around the first turn, Murnen pulled out and Cresceus quickly took the place. He did not look like the same horse that had jogged slowly

down the stretch only a few minutes before. Now he was more of the king. At the eighth, Cresceus was leading, with Mike The Tramp at his throat. Down the back-stretch the two moved like a team. As the champion flashed by the quarter the watches showed that he had covered the distance in 33 seconds, not fast enough to break the record. Going around the upper turn, Ketcham called on the pace-maker for more speed. Murnen moved the runner up, and Cresceus opened up another notch. Coming down the stretch he was trotting like the wind. The crowd was too absorbed in watching the wonderful animal to applaud as he dashed by the half. He had trotted the half in $1:04\frac{1}{2}$, the second quarter in $31\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. "He'll do it. A new record's coming," shouted an enthusiastic admirer.

It was noticed that Ketcham pulled out from the pole as he rounded the third turn. The champion was too long gaited to hug the fence, and go at the great rate of speed. With the wind behind him, Cresceus fairly flew down the back-stretch, reaching the three-quarter pole in $1:36\frac{1}{2}$. This left a margin of 33 seconds for the rest of the distance, provided a new record was to be established. Cresceus covered the distance in just that time, finishing strong and well within himself. The crowd realized that a world's record had been broken even before the time had been announced, and as the champion slowly jogged back to the judge's stand, the spectators gave vent to their pent-up feel-

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ings. They yelled and stamped and pounded their hands together until they were weary. Mr. Ketcham was presented with a huge basket of flowers, and he bowed his thanks, his face wreathed in smiles. When $2:09\frac{1}{2}$ was posted up by the timers there was more applause.

Ketcham was very happy over the result. He had driven the champion to a new world's record in his own home, and had demonstrated to the people of Toledo that their city was the abiding place of the greatest horse that ever lived.

At 4:30 o'clock the champion again appeared on the track apparently as fresh as ever. This time he was hitched to a wagon, and announcement was made that he would attempt to beat the world's wagon record over a half-mile track. There was no preliminary miles, and with little delay Ketcham mounted the seat and drove back to score for the word. He was away on the first trial. Cresceus trotted perfectly true, and was at the quarter in 34 seconds. The half was reached in $1:06\frac{1}{2}$, and it was at this point that the drive began. Without the use of the whip, Ketcham urged the champion to renewed effort. Cresceus was ready and willing for the final struggle and the next quarter was covered in 32 seconds. As he faced the wind coming down the home-stretch it appeared to retard him slightly, but he came bravely on, and reached the wire in $33\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, completing the mile in $2:12$, beating the world's record.

This second performance was even more remarkable than the first one. There was another demonstration when the time was announced, and Ketcham was again presented with a basket of flowers. Cresceus Day was a great success, and the great crowd slowly filed out of the gates feeling that the day would always be remembered as a red letter one in the history of Toledo.

The proceeds of Cresceus Day netted \$4,257 and was distributed among the different charitable institutions of Toledo, and many suffering mortals were made happy through the efforts of Cresceus. On the evening of October 12 the Toledo Driving Club gave a banquet, at which Mr. Ketcham was the guest of honor. Speeches were made by many prominent gentlemen, and the glorious achievements of Cresceus were toasted again and again. Just as the guests were about to depart Mr. Ketcham proposed this toast, "To the fairest adversary on the face of the earth—Ed Geers," which was drunk standing.



CHAPTER XXX

E. C. GURNEY

ANOTHER GREAT MILE AT COLUMBUS, OHIO

FOllowing Cresceus's appearance in behalf of charity at Toledo, he made his next public appearance at Columbus, Ohio, on October 17, at the fall meeting of the Columbus Driving Association. The enthusiasm in behalf of the champion in all parts of Ohio was so great that it was decided that before he began his western tour, he be allowed to trot an exhibition mile over the famous Buckeye course, over which he had earlier in the season trotted to his record of $2:02\frac{1}{4}$.

It was a cold raw day and a fierce wind from the west blew across the track, and the air was damp, heavy, and chilled the audience to the bone. Men wrapped in heavy ulsters shivered in the grand stand, and the hundreds of ladies who had braved the weather

to get a glimpse of the greatest trotter in the world, were bundled up in furs and winter wraps. The atmosphere was like a day late in November, and a more unsuitable day for record breaking could not have been selected. Cresceus probably never started under more unfavorable weather conditions. The state of the weather kept thousands away from the track, where the heaviest of winter clothing was necessary for comfort. Still five thousand people journeyed to the driving park to see the champion once more before the racing season closed. The crowd was most enthusiastic and cheered Ketcham and the great horse every time they appeared on the track. Cresceus made his first appearance at 1:20 o'clock with Ketcham in the sulky; both horse and driver were vociferously greeted as he passed the stand and Ketcham lifted his cap many times in response to the reception. Cresceus was jogged three slow miles the wrong way of the track, and was then stepped a mile in 2:30, the last half in 1:14. Half an hour later he was brought out again and given another mile, this time a trifle faster. The quarter was reached in 33 seconds, the half in 1:10, the three-quarters in 1:49 $\frac{1}{2}$, and the mile in 2:23. He was driven a final warming-up mile in 2:24, the last quarter in 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

While the champion was being gotten ready for the trial, Ketcham waited in the shelter of the grand stand, and when asked how fast he hoped to drive the champion he replied, between shivers, "I shall be satisfied

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with a mile in 2:10. This is the coldest day I have ever attempted to drive him fast, and the wind is something awful. We will lose several precious seconds in the third quarter and rounding into the stretch. It is a great disappointment for me, for I had hoped for more favorable conditions. The horse is right and ready to go, and I had expected to clip at least a fraction of a second from his mark. The track is excellent, except for a short space in the third quarter; however, we can not do any record breaking to-day. If the mile is in 2:10 it will be a credit to the horse."

At 3:25 Cresceus came out for the trial. Tim Murnen accompanied him with the pace-maker, Mike The Tramp. Al Pennock, with another runner, waited at the half-mile pole to help him on from there. The champion was scored down four times; on the fourth attempt he was fully extended on his stride, and Ketcham nodded for the word. Tim Murnen, with the runner, was close beside him, and they rushed away with the eyes of five thousand people bent on their fleeing forms. The first turn is the sharpest of them all, but the champion rounded it as if he were going straight away, and plunged on past the quarter pole. The time was hung out, :30 $\frac{3}{4}$. Into the back-stretch he swung and the wind was half against him, but he breasted it on his sturdy way, and trotted bravely on. The three-quarter pole was reached in 1:34 $\frac{1}{2}$. It was a magnificent spectacle to see the champion battle the wind through the home-stretch on the journey

C R E S C E U S , 2 : 0 2 $\frac{1}{4}$

to the wire. Ketcham waved the whip over his back, and spoke to him sharply. On the champion came as fast and gamely as any horse ever trotted. On his courage only, with no fear or thought of stopping, he finished one of the best miles, all things considered, that he ever trotted. The last quarter was in 31 seconds, and the mile in 2:05 $\frac{1}{2}$. There had been some speculation on the proposition that he would not beat 2:07, and uproarious was the applause that greeted the champion as he jogged back to the stand.

Despite his great effort against the cold wind, the great horse finished without exhaustion and well within himself. Starting Judge Gurney's announcement that the mile was far above what might have been expected under the conditions, was received with cheers. It was the fastest mile ever trotted under similar conditions, and Cresceus's finish was gameness itself. This was Cresceus's last appearance on any track in his native state during the year 1901, and he journeyed westward from Columbus, where his every appearance was the signal for great outpourings of admiring people.



JAMES OGLESBAY

CHAPTER XXXI

CRESCEUS'S GREAT RECEPTION AT KANSAS CITY

KANSAS CITY, the great western metropolis, was the scene of Cresceus's first appearance in the great West, and a royal reception was given the champion. His fame had preceded him, and he was met with one of the most magnificent receptions of his entire career. Fifteen thousand people made the trip out to the driving park on October 25, in the expectation of seeing the great stallion trot a fast mile and they were not disappointed. Then when the judges hung out the time fifteen thousand people went mad with delight.

Staid society matrons, to whom any expression of more than passing interest was the height of bad form, instinctively became imbued with the spirit of success and smiled benignly upon the champion trot-

ter when he appeared. Fair debutantes, in all the bewildering beauty of new horse-show gowns, clapped their daintily-gloved hands and laughed with glee. Patersfamilias, dignified old fellows, threw reserve to the winds and whooped like schoolboys. And here and there, sailing through the air, could be seen the high silk tile of some overenthusiastic young member of the upper ten, who had lost control of his feelings in the exuberance of having seen a great horse trot against time. Mr. James Oglebay and others had arranged all the details of the affair, and there was not a single hitch in the proceedings.

It was a magnificent sight, those thousands cheering the name of Cresceus, the "monarch of the mile," but the greatest sight was the seasoned old horseman. To be sure he didn't wear his coat as if it was comfortable. Sometimes he had his trousers tucked in at the tops of his cowhide boots, which had been neatly shined at great expense, all in honor of Cresceus. But he knew the good points and the bad points about a race-horse, and if there was a cloud of doubt upon his face when Cresceus, looking more like a sleepy buggy horse than a record breaker, was led down the stretch, it had given way to the sunshine of gladness. Mostly, he laid back his head and just merely yelled—joyously yelled—until the hills echoed and re-echoed and fairly shook with the volume of sound that he poured out against their sides—yelled till his beaming

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wife pulled him quietly by the sleeve, and told him "he was makin' a fool of hisself."

Sometimes he grabbed some unknown brother around the neck and attempted to dance an improvised two-step, in which was neither beauty, rhythm nor meter, and with arms entwined they leaped up and down and slapped each other across the back and shrieked into each other's face words which neither understood, but which were intelligible to both.

It was a great day for the horsemen. It was 3:15 o'clock when the champion was led out to make his attempt to lower the Kansas City track record. He had already been jogged several times around the track, and everybody had had a good look at him. Few in the great audience had ever seen the champion before, and agreed with the small boy, who left the grounds remarking disgustedly: "Aw, he's a stiff. W'y, me brudder's paper pony kin beat him." He should have stayed. As the champion was led past the club house everybody felt that there was something in the air. Society stopped its chatter of small talk. The horseman quieted his wife with a pinch and craned his neck far over to see the better. Then Mr. Emory J. Street, president of the Kansas City Driving Park Club, called Ketcham up to the judge's stand. He made a happy little speech introducing Ketcham and Cresceus, and everybody cheered. Then they demanded a speech, and Ketcham said: "Ladies and gentlemen: My work is not in talking, but in performing. The

best way to show my appreciation of the magnificent crowd is to go out and do the best I can. The track and weather are perfect, and I never saw a better crowd in my life. All that I can say is that it's up to Cresceus and me."

Around on the other side of the track Mike The Tramp, with Tim Murnen up behind him, was coming on a gallop. Ketcham jogged Cresceus a hundred yards down the track and waited for him. As the beat of the pace-maker's hoofs sounded near, Cresceus grew impatient. He seemed to know he was out to beat a record. He wanted to "show" the Missourians there.

The galloping runner came alongside, and the champion shot forward. Up past the judge's stand they came neck and neck, Mike The Tramp, with his galloping lope, looking awkward and ungainly beside the smooth-going trotter.

But Ketcham shook his head at the judges. The champion had not caught his stride. Back to the starting point they went again. Down the stretch they came once more, neck and neck. This time as Cresceus came under the shadow of the judge's stand, Ketcham nodded his head and the word was given. Cresceus's legs were moving like clockwork with that long far-reaching stride that carries him over the ground so swiftly. They were off. "They're off!" every one shouted; and every one stood on tiptoe.

Round to the eighth pole they went. Cresceus did

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not seem to be exerting himself. But Mike The Tramp had trouble in keeping up with him. They flew past the quarter pole in the twinkling of an eye. Then for a moment the pace-maker pushed his nose in front of Cresceus. The champion was not to be outdone. The flying legs reached out with a still greater stride and Cresceus was in front again.

Down the back-stretch the great trotter swept. The ground seemed to roll away beneath his flying feet. Faintly the dull thud, thud of his hoofs came across the oval to the breathless crowd in the stand.

Past the quarter pole in $:32\frac{3}{4}$ they rushed and Cresceus was trotting like a piece of animated machinery; with never a quiver and never a falter, the champion turned at hurricane speed into the stretch.

Far out over the rail the crowd leaned as the stallion flew forward; down, down, toward them he came like a mad thing. His hammering hoofs appeared hardly to touch the track. It seemed as if no living thing could go faster. He shot past the judge's stand a streak of chestnut color. Ketcham was holding him with steady hand. Behind, with that ungainly gallop came Mike The Tramp. "The half in $1:04\frac{3}{4}$!" shouted an enthusiastic man with a stop watch. "He'll do it! He'll do it!"

They were at the eighth pole again before the crowd could draw its breath. Cresceus's great legs were flying faster and faster. Mike The Tramp was hanging out the distress signal. On they flew. They

turned into the back-stretch with incredible speed. Tim Murnen was shouting at the galloping runner like a wild man. Cresceus pricked up his ears. Straight ahead of him, a furlong and a half away, he saw the quarter pole again. Onward he flew toward it, his mighty legs moving backward and forward with a rapidity that did not slacken.

By the quarter pole he flashed, Mike The Tramp now a good half length to the rear. "Now he's going some!" the crowd shouted. And he was—Cresceus shot forward like a horse gone wild. His legs flew past each other with a speed that human gaze could not measure. In the twinkling of an eye the runner was two lengths behind. Another instant and the champion whirled into the stretch, the three-quarters having been reached in $1:36\frac{1}{2}$. Down the stretch he came. Faster and faster he rushed. The beat of his hoofs sounded like the roll of distant tom-toms, growing louder and louder. All below the shoulders of the great horse was a maze. Stronger and still stronger he came, his head stretched out before him, the big veins swelling in his neck. Fifteen thousand people gazed with wonderment and awe. Fifteen thousand people saw a great horse trotting as they never saw a horse trot before. Cresceus was two lengths from the wire. He shot past the wire in a whirring of wheels and a thundering of hoofs in $2:09\frac{1}{4}$. A roar that shook the hills went up again and again from fifteen thousand throats. And in the midst

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of it all the judges could be seen dancing wildly about in their little stand, shouting incoherently. Then the great crowd knew—and the roar became a tempest of sounds. When the judges hung out the time there was a rush from the grand stand, paddock and infield.

Hundreds of men and women swarmed over the track and almost smothered the mighty champion and his driver.

It was a great day for Cresceus; he had trotted to the world's record for a half-mile track. It was a great day for Kansas City, whose pleased citizens had seen the champion trot the great mile.

The following evening Cresceus appeared at the great Kansas City Horse Show, which was then in progress, and again met with a royal reception. Cresceus was led into the ring blanketed, and was then hitched and driven around the arena by Ketcham. As the champion made the first round the applause from ten thousand people followed him in a growing wave that swept from the boxes to the upper balcony and increased as the circuit was made again. Mike The Tramp accompanied the champion, and the two horses went round and round with cheers and hand-clapping at every step.

After a few moments the master of ceremonies requested Ketcham to drive to the center of the arena. He did so and had just dismounted from the sulky when W. A. Rule, president of the Kansas City Horse

Show Association ; Conway F. Holmes, vice-president, and L. C. Boyle entered the arena through the south gate. Ahead of the two was borne a magnificent cut glass bucket, with its ladle, and crystal and silver tray. The handsome gift was placed on a stand in the center of the arena and the bugler sounded a note that meant a request for silence. Approaching Mr. Ketcham and addressing him, Mr. Boyle said: "Mr. Ketcham, the Kansas City Horse Show Association desires to express to you its sincere appreciation of your favor in exhibiting the king of trotters here to-night. Kansas City feels distinguished and honored by reason of the fact that the greatest of all performers of the trotting turf should have chosen this city wherein to set a new mark for a half-mile track, the world's record of 2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$. As an evidence of the association's appreciation of the owner, breeder, trainer and driver, and admiration of the champion trotter, Cresceus, allow me to present this equine monarch with this cut-glass bucket.

The pleasure of the spectators was unbounded. The bucket was held close to Cresceus's nose, and he took one swallow of the "water" it contained. Ketcham blushed and smiled and opened his lips to speak, but just then his eyes fell on Cresceus, and he ran toward the animal, which threatened to tear from the ring and leap into the nearest box. Ketcham made a leap and seized the champion's bridle. The three attendants were hanging on with all their strength.

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At one time it looked as if Cresceus would surely run away, but he was finally quieted and led from the ring.

The formal ceremony came to a sudden stop, and all because Cresceus, seeing Mike The Tramp still making the circuit of the tan bark ring, thought it was time for him to get into the game.

CHAPTER XXXII



A. F. JONES

FAST MILE AT MINNEHAHA TRACK

LEAVING Kansas City, Cresceus traveled to Minneapolis, one of the great twin cities of the great Northwest. No portion of the United States contains more enthusiastic lovers of the trotting horse than does this great and growing country, and it seemed that every one with a single spark of enthusiasm in his breast for the light harness horse was present at Minnehaha track on the day that the champion trotted the fastest mile ever trotted in the state of Minnesota. Cresceus performed at the Minnehaha Driving Park, Minneapolis, on October 31, in a way that delighted the thousands of spectators. While the conditions were not so very unfavorable, they were not such as to bring out the best workings of such a superb racing machine as Cresceus.

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There was a strong, cold wind—a wind so cold that although the champion went some portions of the mile at a two-minute rate, he did not have a wet hair when he went under the wire.

The crowd included many who are ordinarily not attracted to the race track, however good the program. There were present many well-known people from St. Paul, Stillwater and other places in the state, while Fargo, S. D., and other points equally distant were represented.

It was a great audience, and a wildly enthusiastic one, and when Ketcham and Cresceus appeared the audience rose to their feet and cheered for several minutes. Tim Murnen drove up the stretch with Mike The Tramp to accompany Cresceus, and also came in for a share of the applause. After two scores, Cresceus came down to the wire in fine style, and Ketcham nodded for the word. The starting judge cried "Go!" and the crowd said "Go" in a curious mixture of feminine trebles and masculine basses. Cresceus was off. It was a whirlwind clip. Glasses were leveled on the champion, who traveled like a miniature cyclone to the quarter. A thousand stop-watches waited to mark the time at the first post. It was a breathlessly interested throng. The flashing of the white boots Cresceus wore was rhythmical as the rise and fall of the bandmaster's baton, as he trotted at a phenomenal rate of speed. There is only time to breathe one good long breath between the wire and

the quarter. Click! went the stop watches. Quarter in :31 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. Down the back-stretch, ding, dong, "Look out for the half—it's a record so far. There he goes—up! What is it? The half in 1:01 $\frac{1}{2}$."

Good enough, and the sturdy champion is still going as steadily as an eight-day clock, with accelerated speed. There was no shouting on the part of the crowd—no offers of wagers on the result—nothing but eager straining for a view of the turn into the stretch, and short tense gasps of "Cresceus!" "Cresceus—come on you Cresceus!" "Third quarter—there you go—what is it?" Time, 1:32 $\frac{1}{2}$. Down the home-stretch to the wire came the champion, moving like a beautiful piece of machinery, or better still, a perfectly trained piece of horse flesh.

No driving visible—no ostentatious prompting. Ketcham sat like a statue. The finish down the home-stretch was a sight to remember. The crowd stood up again. There was a rush for the rail—a mutter of voices, then a grumble, then a roar: "Cresceus! Cresceus! Cresceus! Come on, good boy! Shove him, George. The world is yours," yelled a loud-voiced man in the grand stand. There was noise enough to throw any good horse out of his gait. Fluttering cambric, wildly waving hats, screams of exhortation—"Cresceus! come on you, Cresceus!" Amid a demonstration that might send any horse to the barn with his head swelled, Cresceus shot under the wire in the fastest time the state of Minnesota had ever seen,

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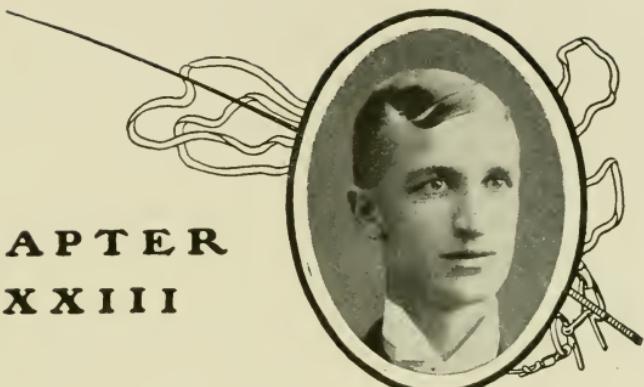
2:05 $\frac{1}{2}$. It was a great exhibition, all the circumstances considered. In fact, it was regarded by many experienced and discriminating horsemen who saw the champion trot as his finest exhibition.

Pandemonium reigned and the crowd would not be satisfied until Cresceus was returned to the front of the grand stand, where he was presented and clothed in a beautiful white woolen blanket manufactured in Minneapolis, with the compliments of the North Star Mill Company. Cresceus's name was woven in red letters in each end of the blanket, and thus attired he was led to the stable amidst a great demonstration of applause on the part of the audience.

Cresceus lowered the state trotting record, made by Nancy Hanks, of 2:07, the state's best mile, 2:05 $\frac{3}{4}$, made by the pacer, Hall Pointer, and the Minnehaha track record of 2:09. The people who were present that cold, freezing day at Minnehaha track, all came away perfectly satisfied with the result, and in years to come the name of Cresceus will be associated in the minds of these people with all great trials of speed, and though the record in the future may be beaten, the people of Minneapolis will say: "Well, the conditions are different."

Cresceus's performance at Minnehaha track will always be remembered as the greatest mile, conditions considered, ever trotted in the state of Minnesota.

CHAPTER XXXIII



WM. SCHUCKMAN

IN THE MOUND CITY

FROM Minneapolis Cresceus traveled to St. Louis where the running horse holds full sway, and the trotter is not regarded with the degree of enthusiasm that is accorded him in other portions of the country.

There had been no trotting meeting of note held in the Mound City for many years, and her people took but little interest in the trotter and his doings. The coming of Cresceus, however, created new interest, and the champion succeeded in winning his way into the hearts of the people of the metropolis of the southwest, as no trotter had done in recent years.

Five thousand people saw the champion trot the fastest mile ever trotted in the State of Missouri, and lower the state record from 2:07 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2:07, on one of

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the worst tracks and under the most unfavorable conditions. Saturday, November 9, was Cresceus day at the fair-grounds track, and not one single person who saw the performance was disappointed at the showing made by the stallion.

The track over which Cresceus performed was one of the worst tracks over which he ever attempted to make record time. It was smooth as glass, hard as adamant and in places there were treacherous spots left by the hoofs of the running horses, who had occupied it shortly before the exhibition. There were deep cuppy places all over the track, and in one of these cups, only a quarter of a mile from the wire, Cresceus floundered in his first attempt, and made a break, something very unusual for the champion. The champion made two attempts before he trotted the mile in 2:07. In the first attempt Cresceus skimmed the hard track like a swallow; for five-eighths of a mile he spurned the rolled earth as a bounding ball, then he struck the mire at the three-quarter pole. The soft cup in the track swallowed his hoofs as a bed of feathers. For a moment he strove to regain his balance as a juggler tilts a pole. He failed, a gasp of sorrow welled from the grand stand as the breathless spectators saw the great horse "go up in the air." Ketcham pulled him up and soothed him with caressing words. An hour later the champion again appeared to make another attempt, and this time he succeeded grandly, trotting one of the grandest miles any horse ever

trotted under similar conditions. With little delay the champion came down to the wire neck and neck with Mike The Tramp, and Ketcham nodded for the word. "Go!" shouted the starter, "Go!" breathed the crowd, and like the flash of the sensitive shutter on the photograph plate, Cresceus was at the quarter pole in $32\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. He dashed by the half in $1:04\frac{1}{2}$, and was trotting steadily on in his effort to smash the record. The pace-maker was running like the wind at his side, and hung on until he passed the three-quarter pole in $1:36\frac{1}{4}$. Around the back turn the terrific pace continued, and Mike The Tramp again edged close as he turned into the home-stretch. Cresceus with his mighty stride, sped like a swift arrow down the home-stretch. There was no thunder of hoofs. Mike The Tramp was bounding over the earth. Cresceus was gliding silently on like a river torrent, swift, sure, silently, to where the wire stretched across the track and the watches were counting the inexorable seconds away. He reached the western limit of the grand stand. He glinted by the betting ring and passed the judge's stand while the crowd held their deep-drawn breath. Then by the wire the champion, like a wayward meteor plunged, and five thousand persons broke the tension with a spontaneous shout of welcome. 2:07 was hung out from the timer's stand, and again the people shouted. It was a great performance and Cresceus in this mile over one of the worst tracks he ever trotted, added another state record to his long list of championship records.



EDWIN GAYLORD

CHAPTER XXXIV

CRESCCEUS'S GREAT RECEPTION AT DENVER

DENVER followed next in the triumphal tour of Cresceus, and he received a perfect ovation at the hands of the hospitable citizens of the beautiful Colorado city. At no point in his long trip across the continent did the champion meet with a more enthusiastic welcome than the one given him at Denver. That genial gentleman, and all-around trotting-horse enthusiast, Col. Edward Gaylord, was in charge of the affair, and nothing was lacking in the way of entertainment for the entire Cresceus party. Cresceus made his bow to his Denver audience on Saturday, November 16, and a right royal welcome five thousand people gave the champion.

About 2 o'clock the people began to arrive at Overlank Park, and they came in a steady stream. Every-

body who had a horse and trap or any kind of up-to-date wagon was there, and his wife and her dog. It was a fine opportunity for society to show herself, and the wealth and beauty of the city was in attendance. It was nearly 4 o'clock when Cresceus, accompanied by Mike The Tramp, made his appearance in front of the stand, and Starting-judge Dunleavy informed Ketcham that "it was up to him."

Ketcham was called into the stand, and Mr. J. W. Springer, a prominent Denver lawyer, in a speech that was both poetic and horsey, introduced Ketcham and Cresceus to the audience. Both horse and driver were greeted with the warmest applause. Mr. Springer said: "Ladies and Gentlemen: It is a very great pleasure to present to you the king of American trotters, the matchless Cresceus. He is owned, was bred and is driven by a gentleman from the Buckeye State, Mr. George H. Ketcham. This superb piece of horse-flesh holds the world's trotting record of 2:02 $\frac{1}{4}$. No wonder Denver has turned out this beautiful afternoon by thousands to honor both driver and horse. The twentieth century loves to see the best, to own the best of everything. We all pay our devotions at the shrine of the noblest animal bestowed upon man—the horse. He is typical to-day of our advanced civilization. He has kept pace with progressive individuality in the equine world. He fills his sphere so completely that all the bicycles, all the automobiles, and all the street cars will never drive him into exile. Where men,

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women and children dwell, there will this noble creature ever abide. He will journey with us from the cradle to the grave. He will caper along with the young folks, and bring up at the church door, where wedding bells tell of happy hearts and new-made homes. He will trot along with carriage loads of little folks, whose life is a song and whose presence is a joy forever.

“He will set the pace for the hounds who are away at the sound of the hunter’s horn, over hill, over vale, over field and meadow, always the most enthused of the throng of sportsmen. He loves to hear the crack of the whip and go bounding away with the coach and four, and the jolly crowd whose chief pleasure is in coaching parties and outings, in the mountains and along the river. What a life of sunshine! What realms of indescribable joyfulness! These things index the words of Tom Moore: ‘While we journey through life let us live by the way.’ So it is, my friends, the horse is always a part of our pleasure, and at last when the long shadows have fallen over us, and our eyes are heavy with the last sleep, the horse carefully draws our remains to the Silent City and all is over. He is with us in prosperity and adversity, and that man or woman is an attenuated specimen of humanity who does not love this matchless animal. No wonder King Richard III said: ‘A horse, a horse; my kingdom for a horse.’ In behalf of the management of the Overland Racing Association and of the

members of the Driving and Riding Club of Denver, and on behalf of the thousands of enthusiastic citizens of Colorado, I bid the king of trotters—the great Cresceus—welcome, thrice welcome to the track of this association, and I close with a suggestion to Mr. Ketcham that Cresceus should go fast to-day because the track stands nearer heaven than any the king has ever journeyed around in his lightning-made records. One and all, we wish you ‘good speed.’ ”

As the speaker closed and stepped back while the applause rang, the multitude discovered Mr. Ketcham just behind him. They cheered him lustily, and called for a speech, and Mr. Ketcham responded as follows:

“Ladies and Gentlemen: The trouble is, Cresceus and myself are both too near heaven to do much talking. All we can say is, that we will do the best we can. Mr. Springer has just told you that the track record is 2:11 $\frac{1}{4}$, and that we will lower that. We will certainly do our best, and if we can we will do even better than that, but you know neither of us brag. We are afraid to; we don’t like to make explanations afterwards. I want to take this opportunity to thank you all for the warm reception you have given my horse and myself. On behalf of Cresceus, I should say, I desire to thank the members of the club as well as the people of Denver generally, for the very kind welcome you have extended us. I have raced over the principal courses of this country and Europe, and I have never seen a better looking crowd than the

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one before me to-day." This was the signal for great laughing and cheering; Ketcham bowed and retired, and went at once and mounted the sulky.

The great crowd in the stand was extremely enthusiastic; smart young society maidens, rosy-cheeked and excited as on the eve of their own "coming out," laughed and talked and at intervals clamored for Cresceus, and heavy swells behind them talked learnedly of records and time and fast miles they had seen, meanwhile anxiously and very often consulting their watches and wondering audibly when Cresceus would "have his go." Three times the champion scored down to the wire, and each time Ketcham shook his head. Mike The Tramp was galloping at his side. At last Cresceus came with the speed of a whirlwind. When the wire was reached Ketcham nodded, and Starting-judge Dunleavy said "Go!" and Cresceus went, and Oh! how he went! The earth slid out from under him like a band of brown ribbon. The dust, blown fine by the smitten air, rolled back like smoke. Level and true, he stretched to a very line, his flight as swift and steady as that of a home-bound bird. The quarter, :32. A thousand stop watches caught it, hurrah! The half-mile was negotiated in 1:03. Here the runner was seen to move up on even terms with the champion, and the spectators settled back to watch the grand finish. "He'll do 2:06 sure," said the wise ones. Around the upper turn the pair came like a team and the "tickers" registered 1:35 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the three-quarters.

“Just see him come,” shouted the crowd in a chorus. Cresceus struggled gallantly through the home-stretch, and although the high altitude evidently affected him to some extent, he made a strong sturdy finish in 2:08. The crowd was wild. Shouts and yells and shrieks of joyful admiration made the air thick with noise. Then the band played a lively air and the cheering ceased. Not one of those thousands of flushed delighted people will ever forget the great horse and his wonderful mile. It was a new record for the Overland course, and one of the most creditable miles Cresceus trotted during his Western trip. A splendid reception was tendered Mr. Ketcham in the evening by the Gentlemen’s Driving and Riding Club at their club rooms. Nearly the entire membership of the club was present and met Mr. Ketcham, who gave a brief description of the methods employed in training and developing Cresceus. Short talks were delivered by a number of the other gentlemen, and the evening proved to be one of the most enjoyable ones in the history of the club.



AARON SONNABERG

CHAPTER XXXV

CRESCÆUS IN THE WILD AND WOOLLY WEST

CRESCEUS met with a most splendid reception at Pueblo, Colo., on November 21, and thousands gathered at the pretty half-mile track to do honor to the champion. He started to set a new track record and trotted a very creditable mile, considering the conditions. The mile was trotted in $2:10\frac{3}{4}$, the fractional time of which was :34, $1:06\frac{1}{2}$, $1:37$, $2:10\frac{3}{4}$, and the great audience cheered wildly, hats were thrown in the air, and for a few moments Bedlam reigned. Both Cresceus and Ketcham received a royal reception at the close of the exhibition, and the great cheers that came from the grand stand were ample testimony that the mile trotted by the champion was more than satisfactory to the great crowd of cheering people. Much of the success of the Pueblo meeting was due to the efforts of Mr. Aaron Sonnaberg and his associates in the track.

From Pueblo Cresceus was shipped to Los Angeles, California, and a few days' rest in the balmy air of California put the champion in fine condition. He made his first appearance at Agricultural Park, Los Angeles, on Saturday, December 14, before an enthusiastic audience of five thousand people. He went against the track record of 2:05 $\frac{1}{2}$, held by Alix, and while the champion failed to reduce the record, he trotted a remarkable mile, conditions considered. Wind and weather combined against Cresceus in the effort, and then the track was slow and in poor condition for fast work. A cold, raw wind prevailed, and greatly handicapped him throughout the mile. With his usual courage, Cresceus trotted gamely against the unfavorable conditions, and trotted a mile in 2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$, the fractional time being :32 $\frac{1}{4}$, 1:02 $\frac{1}{2}$, 1:35, 2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$. The champion's mile at Los Angeles must take rank as one of his most splendid exhibitions of sturdy courage and endurance. Owing to the fact that his dates at Sacramento and San Jose had to be canceled on account of the bad rainy weather which prevailed at Sacramento during his two weeks' stay at that place, it was utterly impossible to give him the proper work to put him in condition to trot fast miles. Notwithstanding this fact, Cresceus trotted the mile at Los Angeles under the most unfavorable conditions in 2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$. While in Los Angeles the Cresceus party received many courtesies at the hands of Mr. Milo Potter, who was born within three miles of the home of

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the champion. He was untiring in his efforts to make the meeting a success.

At Tucson, Arizona, in the land of the cowboys, Cresceus was noisily and enthusiastically welcomed by thousands of the big-hearted and lively residents of Arizona. On December 19, over a poor half-mile track, Cresceus trotted a mile in 2:14 $\frac{1}{4}$. The course was fetlock deep in sand and dust, and the mile was one of the fastest and best ever trotted by the champion. The track was little better than a country road, and it was a wonderful testimonial to his gameness that he was able to negotiate a mile in 2:14 $\frac{1}{4}$ over it. One of the most laughable incidents of the trip occurred at Tucson, of which Mike The Tramp, Cresceus's famous pace-maker, was the hero. A program of other races had been arranged to fill up the afternoon, and Cresceus's exhibition was followed by a half-mile running race in which the cow-boys were to race, riding their own horses, first money being twenty-five dollars. The entries came from all over the district, and none of the cow-boys knew one horse from another. So it was an easy matter to frame up a little fun for the members of the Cresceus party, and when the horses appeared on the track ready for the word, few in the great crowd recognized among the starters Mike The Tramp, and his rider, Eddie Mitchell, of the Ketcham stable. Both were disguised. Mike The Tramp had been hurriedly fitted out with a high pommeled, loudly decorated, feathered and leathered Mexican saddle, with big stirrups, and the diminutive rider,

Eddie Mitchell, wore a sombrero, tasseled and tinseled, and worn, too, at the proper angle. He had provided himself with a whoop that would have done justice to a warpath Comanche. Mike The Tramp lays no claim to being a handsome animal, and the cowboys rather made sport of his ungainliness. But they did not know Mike The Tramp, and it was the cause of the undoing of many of them. A few of the wise ones were on, however, and they argued among themselves that if that horse could run fast enough to set the pace for Cresceus, he certainly could negotiate a half-mile track rapidly enough to pull down the money against a lot of western plain horses, even if he wasn't handsome.

The money that was put up in about ten minutes around those "dobe" houses would have swamped the book-makers on Suburban day at Brighton Beach. The owners of the home product ponies were backing their animals up to the last notch, and the few wise ones, not of Ketcham's party, gathered up all the bets against the strange horse with the long legs and little rider. Quite a sum of money was put up by backers of Mike The Tramp, and the book-maker was hit for a tidy sum at 1 to 4, although he smelled trouble early in the game, and was smart enough to wipe Mike The Tramp off the board. With the horses off, Eddie Mitchell held Mike The Tramp well out in the center of the track, second in the race, with a big raw-boned frontiersman in a red shirt setting the pace with what seemed a mustang in comparison with Mike The

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Tramp. Evidently it was the game of the man with the red shirt to make the pace through the entire course, having confidence in the speed and endurance of his mount. The others were bunched and began to close on the leaders. Mike The Tramp was under a double wrap, and the bunch sped around the first turn and into the back-stretch on even terms. Mike The Tramp swung wide at the turns, a trick he had learned in his romps with the champion. It was a yelling, whooping crowd that saw them fight it out. There wasn't anything to it as far as first money was concerned. When the stretch was reached, Mike The Tramp swung wide, and with nothing but the black shouting crowd in front of him, ate up the distance like Cresceus did the trotting record at Columbus.

Mike The Tramp won. The man with the red shirt came in second and the others also ran. The crowd enjoyed the affair hugely when they learned of the joke that had been played on them, and cheered Mike The Tramp and Eddie Mitchell as they finished in front of the bunch. It is reported that when Eddie Mitchell was asked whence he and his nag came, he replied: "We are from Texas, and I guess we have showed you."

Christmas day was spent at Albuquerque, New Mexico, and the glad holiday was celebrated by a mile trotted in 2:16, over the half-mile track at that place.

Then came the champion's great mile at 2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$ on New Year's day at Dallas, Texas. The attendance exceeded five thousand, and both Cresceus and Ketch-

am were given a most magnificent reception, their every appearance being the signal for great cheering.

Col. Henry Exall, the popular Texas horseman, addressed the audience and stated that he wished to introduce the highest type of the trotting horse in the world—the horse that held more world's records and track records than any other horse that ever lived. He also said that he wished to introduce Mr. Geo. H. Ketcham, who enjoyed the distinction of being the only horseman who had ever bred, raised, trained and driven a world's champion. Ketcham made a rush for his sulky when his name was mentioned, and was jogging away when Col. Exall finished his peroration and so escaped making a speech. Ketcham scored the champion down once, and then turned and came to the wire again at a high rate of speed, with Mike The Tramp running like the wind at his sulky wheel. The word was given and the trial began. It was the first time the crowd had ever seen the champion trotting at speed, and the rhythmic regularity of his hoof strokes and the tremendous reach of his stride as he sped around the track brought forth a prolonged cheer.

He trotted a splendid mile and circled the course in $2:07\frac{1}{4}$, the last quarter being trotted in $29\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, record-breaking time. None present had ever seen a trotter move at such speed, and there was a great cheer as he shot under the wire.

It was the fastest mile by thirteen seconds ever traveled by a harness horse on the first day of January at any place or at any time in the world's history. The

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track was very hard, no water having been on it in fully four months, and the wind was strong and operated against the champion, but he rounded out the year in grand style, with another world's record to his long series of triumphs. The final exhibition of the tour was given at Denison, Texas, on January 4, 1902, where Cresceus trotted a mile over a half-mile track in 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$. The track was a poor one, and the weather was cold and disagreeable, the thermometer registering four degrees below freezing; so cold that Mr. Ketcham had one of his fingers frost-bitten.

This was the closing exhibition of the most remarkable tour ever made by a horse, and the champion returned to his home at Toledo, Ohio, on January 9, the holder of all the important trotting records, and with the reputation of being the gamest, most determined race-horse that was ever campaigned. Cresceus left home (Toledo, Ohio) to finish his preparation at Cleveland, Ohio, May 15, 1902, and his final return there was on January 9, 1902, between which dates his 12,023 miles of globe-trotting was covered.



COL. HENRY EXALL



MILO POTTER

CHAPTER XXXVI

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CHAMPION

BY GEORGE H. KETCHAM.

CRESCEUS has always been a horse of striking individuality, and while not given to frills or fads, he has many peculiar characteristics. Cresceus was worked as yearling and also as a two-year-old at Ketcham Farm by Murnen, and was not turned over to me to handle until in October of the year he was a two-year-old; when he was entered in a race of half-mile heats at Vienna, Michigan, which he won.

The race was a very easy one, and in it Cresceus showed so many race-horse traits that I worked him a mile after the race, and he trotted in $2:20\frac{1}{2}$. This showed that the colt had wonderful speed. He not only possessed extreme speed, but he also had the



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even temper and the inclination to help his driver at all times which is so necessary in a high-class horse.

It is the general impression of those not intimately acquainted with the habits of the McGregor family of horses that they are ugly and hard to handle. But this is far from being the facts. Whenever a McGregor has been handled with kindness, he has been tractable and kind in every way, but they are a class of horses which will not stand abuse, and will resent ill-treatment in every way.

Cresceus early showed that he was willing to help his trainer if he had some assistance. He is very even tempered, and his habits are as methodical as the traditional old maid. With all, he has an easy-going way of doing things. Changes of surroundings and conditions do not seem to affect him in the least; in fact, he is the only great horse known with whom conditions seem to cut no figure. It has been the general impression that the greater the singer, orator, actor, statesman or any one else who has reached the pinnacle of fame, that they are affected by little annoyances, and change of conditions, but nothing seems to bother the champion. He accepts his work as a matter of fact, does it cheerfully, and is ready for his meals and rest whenever it is possible to give them to him.

The method pursued in training Cresceus has always been somewhat different from the usual order followed by trainers, and that the system has been

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successful, is fully attested by the showing made by the champion.

From the time he was first taken to the track for training, he has been given long, slow work, with many repeats, and always driven well within himself. He has probably trotted more miles in 2:30 in his work than any fast horse ever in training, and during his entire racing career he has not been driven over ten miles better than 2:20 in his work.

My policy in training Cresceus has been to tire him by slow work, depending upon a short brush at the end of his mile to develop his speed and sharpen his appetite for work. Strange as it may seem, Cresceus has never been trained with the idea of driving him a single fast mile, as he has always had one or more races on hand, and has always been kept as near the condition to fight a battle as possible.

Even after his mile at Cleveland, when the idea was to drive him a fast mile at Columbus, there was no time to brush him fast eighths and quarters to develop his speed, but rather it was necessary to give him long, slow work and this would have a tendency more to dull his speed than anything else.

The first pair of shoes that were put on Cresceus as a colt were plain flat shoes both in front and behind, weighing $7\frac{1}{2}$ oz. in front and 5 oz. behind, and practically the same shoes are worn to-day with some slight changes.

In working him as a colt over the one-half mile

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track, it was noticed that he was inclined to brush his knees a little, and to remedy that evil his shoes were changed by taking some of the weight off from the inside of the shoe, and putting it on the outside, but without changing the weight of the shoe. This shoe was worn until last year when another change was made on account of some facts that were noted when he went his two exhibition miles at Terre Haute in the fall of 1900.

It was noticed that on the hard, smooth footing on the track there, that the soil broke away a great deal under his hind feet, and to remedy this he was shod during 1901 with a small grab on the toe of his hind shoe, so as to hold it better in the ground, and a heel calk was also put on the hind shoe to level the foot. This seemed to help him quite a little and make him much better gaited, and it is also believed that it made him much less liable to make a break. From the first it was noticed that he seemed to travel better in front with his old style shoe, and that is accounted for by the fact that his old shoe is rounded off at the toe, and allowing him to break over easier, and his shoes have always been rounded to help him in that way. It has always been thought better to use a piece of felt between the shoe and the hoof to lessen the concussion as much as possible, but the sole of the foot has always been exposed. Cresceus has a very small foot and is a light-stepping horse, and to these two facts is at-



GEO. H. KETCHAM

tributed his ability to trot over all kinds of tracks with ease.

He has always been driven in a two-minute harness with a side check, and with what is called the Kemble-Jackson attachment, with a side over-check bit and a snaffle driving bit. Up to the time he was five years old he was always driven in an open bridle, but after that he was driven with the same kind of harness, but with a blind bridle, for the reason that he got in the habit of watching the other horses in a race, and would not move away from them unless headed.

Up to last year he was always driven with the following boots: In front, knee boots with short arm attachment, tendon quarter boots, and behind, shin boots with hock and speedy cut attachment, and also scalpers.

The only change that was ever made in his boots was last year when it was thought best to take off the scalpers. These boots were worn to protect the horse at a slow gait, as he is then quite careless and liable to hurt himself, and they are always necessary in turning him around in scoring as he has one of the peculiar characteristics of the McGregor family, which is to step over himself and practically turn around on a pivot. When at speed he has never been known to touch a hair and goes remarkably wide and clear.

No patent appliances have ever been used on Cresceus in any way, as he was a natural trotter from the time he was first hitched, and it seems almost impossi-

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ble for him to do anything else. Unlike most of the fast horses of the present day, he never was known to take a step pacing and never ambled in any way. In jogging him slowly he trots sideways like a dog, and that is necessary, as he is such a big gaited horse that it is the only way he can get his hind feet out of the way of his front ones. When he is started up he opens out behind and his hind feet pass outside of his front legs; his stride when at extreme speed is 21 feet six inches.

Cresceus is a horse of very strong likes and dislikes, and is not given to making friends, but is not cross or in any way dangerous to strangers, but he just simply does not wish to be intimate with them. If a stranger is around him it does not seem to annoy him in any way, unless he is touched, and that seems to bother him. He does not like to be fondled by strangers, but to those in charge of him he shows a lovable disposition and an interest in them that is truly remarkable.

His love for his care-takers in many ways is amusing, and he has shown in every way his confidence in me. Wherever his driver will put his head, there he has the confidence to go, and he has always shown his willingness to do exactly as his driver wishes. Never in all the time he has been raced has he ever shown a disposition to do otherwise than what was wanted of him and he has always been under perfect control by voice and rein.

His caretakers have tried on several occasions to keep some straggling dog in the stable with him, but Cresceus would never allow this to be done. The past year, through the kindness of a Boston friend, a very handsome bull terrier was given to the stable, and Cresceus seemed to realize at once that the dog was worthy of his attention and they became fast friends.

He has shown in a great many ways his great intelligence, and one of the most amusing things in this connection occurred at Los Angeles, California. All arrangements were made to load the horses about noon, and early in the morning Cresceus, in charge of his caretakers, was sent to the blacksmith shop about three blocks outside of the race track, to be shod. This was completed about 10 o'clock, and a start made for the stables at the track. When the entrance to the race-track was reached, a large wagon was met on which was all the trunks and paraphernalia of the racing stable on the way to the car, but none of the horses or attendants were with the wagon. Cresceus seemed to recognize at once the trunks of the party, and refused to return to the track; in fact, all means were used to get him back to the stable, but he balked more effectively than the meanest mule, and the only thing that could be done was to let him accompany the baggage to the car. He seemed to know that it was time to go, and he did not intend to be left. Many such stories could be told of him, in fact he has done so many funny acts

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of this kind that he is often referred to around the stables as the star comedian.

Cresceus is truly a horse with an appetite, and he seems to be able to digest any and all things at all times. His regular feed in training consists of about twelve quarts of the best selected oats a day, mixed with about two quarts of wheat. He is also given bran-mashes regularly and whenever possible is given plenty of carrots and apples. After his work is done for the day, he is given a fair amount of timothy hay, and when he is put away for the night he is given plenty of California hay, that is obtained specially for that purpose. It is practically wild oats raised in California on the uplands, and cut when the grain is in the milk; it is cured in the field by long exposure to the sun, is of a golden color and is as sweet as sorghum. This hay is very nutritious, and Cresceus is very fond of it. But to show his peculiarities, he prefers to eat the timothy hay during the day and the California hay at night, and if the order is changed he will show his displeasure. There is always kept in his stall a pail of fresh water, and he is in the habit of taking a swallow of water quite often, and when he is fed his grain he has a habit of alternately eating his grain and drinking water. Should he be short of water at any time, he will immediately stop eating and make his wants known by whinnying. He is a very hearty eater and digests his food without any trouble, and never in his

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entire racing career was he known to miss a meal or lose his appetite in any way.

Cresceus is 16 hands, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch high, and in racing form weights 1060 pounds, but will weigh nearly 1100 pounds during the winter months.



CHAPTER XXXVII

CRESCEUS JR., "THE MASCOT"

SOME CRESCEUS STATISTICS

CHAMPION RECORDS HELD BY CRESCEUS.

The World's Champion—Columbus, O., Aug. 1, 1901 . . .	2:02 1/4
Fastest stallion—Columbus, O., Aug. 1, 1901.	2:02 1/4
Race record three-year-old stallion—Ft. Wayne, Ind.,	
Aug. 11, 1897.	2:11 1/4
World's race record—New York city, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1901. . .	2:03 1/4
Race record three-year-old stallion—New York city, N. Y., Aug. 15,	
1901	2:03 1/4
Fastest first heat—New York city, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1901. . .	2:03 1/4
Fastest second heat—Detroit, Mich., July 19, 1901. . . .	2:05
Fastest fourth heat by stallion—Boston, Mass., Sept. 27,	
1900	2:07 1/2
Fastest fifth heat by stallion—Boston, Mass., Sept. 27,	
1901	2:08 3/4
Fastest eighth heat—Ft. Wayne, Ind., Sept. 11, 1897. . . .	2:11 1/4
Fastest two-heat race—New York city, N. Y., Sept. 15,	
1901	2:03 1/4, 2:06 1/4
Fastest three consecutive heats in a race by stallion—	
Columbus, O., Sept. 2, 1900.	2:07 1/2, 2:06, 2:06
Fastest three-heat race by stallion—Columbus, O., Sept.	
2, 1900.	2:07 1/2, 2:06, 2:06
Fastest five-heat race—Boston, Mass., 1900.	
.	2:07 1/4, 2:07 1/4, 2:07 1/4, 2:07 1/2, 2:08 3/4

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Fastest eight-heat race—Ft. Wayne, Ind., Aug. 11, 1897, 2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:12 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:12 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:11 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:12 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:11 $\frac{1}{4}$	
World's record half-mile track—Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 23, 1901.....	2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$
World's record half-mile track, for stallion—Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 23, 1901.....	2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$
World's record half-mile track, to wagon—Toledo, O., Aug. 11, 1901.....	2:12
World's record half-mile track, to wagon, stallion—To- ledo, O., Aug. 11, 1901.....	2:12
Most celebrated race ever won by three-year-old—Ft. Wayne, Ind., Aug. 14, 1897.....	
2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:12 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:12 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:14 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:12 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:11 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:11 $\frac{1}{4}$	

CHAMPION MONEY WINNER.

Cresceus started, including exhibitions, sixty-one times, being first forty-two times; second, fourteen times; third, four times, and fourth, once. Never, in six years' racing, behind the money. His total winnings for the six years he has raced were \$102,851.50, being an average of \$17,141.20 per year, the average for six years being a greater amount than was ever won by any stallion in any one year.

RECORDS MADE AT DIFFERENT AGES BY CRESCEUS.

As a three-year-old—Ft. Wayne, Ind., Aug. 10, 1897....	2:11 $\frac{1}{4}$
As a four-year-old—Cleveland, O., July 27, 1898	2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$
As a five-year-old—Glens Falls, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1899 ...	2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$
As a six-year-old—Cleveland, O., Oct. 6, 1900.....	2:04
As a seven-year-old—Columbus, O., Aug. 1, 1901	2:02 $\frac{1}{4}$

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TRACK RECORDS HELD BY CRESCEUS.

MILE TRACKS.

Columbus, O. (world's record)	2:02 1/4
Cleveland, O.	2:02 3/4
Brighton Beach, N. Y.	2:03 1/4
Belmont, Philadelphia, Pa.	2:04 1/2
Hartford, Conn.	2:04 3/4
Detroit, Mich.	2:05
Providence, R. I.	2:05
Minneapolis, Minn.	2:05 1/2
Pimlico, Baltimore, Md.	2:05 1/2
Readville, Boston, Mass.	2:06
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	2:06 1/4
Washington Park, Chicago.	2:06 1/2
St. Louis, Mo.	2:07
Empire City, New York	2:07 1/4
Dallas, Tex.	2:07 1/4
Denver, Colo.	2:08

HALF-MILE TRACKS.

Kansas City, Mo. (world's record)	2:09 1/4
Toledo, O.	2:09 1/2
Pueblo, Colo.	2:10 3/4
Tucson, Ariz.	2:14
Albuquerque, N. M.	2:16
Denison, Texas.	2:16

CRESCEUS'S TRAVELS IN 1901.

Not the least remarkable thing about Cresceus's (2:02 1/4) unparalleled campaign, which began in July at Detroit, Mich., and concluded at Dallas, Tex., on

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New Year's day, was the series of "magnificent distances" which he covered. His itinerary for the season is as follows:

	MILES
Toledo, O., to Cleveland, O.....	112
Cleveland, O., to Detroit, Mich., via boat.....	172
Detroit, Mich., to Cleveland, O., via boat.....	172
Cleveland, O., to Columbus, O.....	170
Columbus, O., to Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....	721
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to Brooklyn, N. Y.....	86
Brooklyn, N. Y., to Boston, Mass.....	249
Boston, Mass., to Providence, R. I.....	49
Providence, R. I., to Hartford, Conn.....	101
Hartford, Conn., to Boston, Mass.....	163
Boston, Mass., to Philadelphia, Pa.....	331
Philadelphia, Pa., to Baltimore, Md.....	86
Baltimore, Md., to Lexington, Ky.....	650
Lexington, Ky., to Toledo, O.....	283
Toledo, O., to Columbus, O.....	120
Columbus, O., to Kansas City, Mo.....	714
Kansas City, Mo., to Minneapolis, Minn.....	693
Minneapolis, Minn., to Des Moines, Ia.....	567
Des Moines, Ia., to St. Louis, Mo.....	597
St. Louis, Mo., to Denver, Colo.....	956
Denver, Colo., to Pueblo, Colo.....	119
Pueblo, Colo., to Colorado Springs, Colo.....	47
Colorado Springs, Colo., to Sacramento, Cal.....	1,332
Sacramento, Cal., to Los Angeles, Cal.....	500
Los Angeles, Cal., to Tucson, Ariz.....	500
Tucson, Ariz., to Albuquerque, N. M.....	477
Albuquerque, N. M., to Trinidad, Colo.....	266
Trinidad, Colo., to Ft. Worth, Tex.....	588
Ft. Worth, Tex., to Dallas, Tex.....	140
Dallas, Tex., to Denison, Tex.....	106

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Denison, Tex., to Waco, Tex.	206
Waco, Tex., to St. Louis, Mo.	867
St. Louis, Mo., to Toledo, O.	454
 Total	 12,023

CRESCEUS'S FAST MILES.

1900.

	$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	M
Cleveland	.31 $\frac{1}{4}$	1:04	1:35 $\frac{1}{4}$	2:07
Cleveland	.30 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:02 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:34	2:06 $\frac{3}{4}$
Columbus	.31	1:03 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:37	2:07 $\frac{1}{2}$
Columbus	.32 $\frac{1}{4}$	1:03 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:35	2:06
Columbus	.31	1:01 $\frac{3}{4}$	1:33 $\frac{3}{4}$	2:06
Chicago	.31 $\frac{3}{4}$	1:03 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:35	2:06 $\frac{1}{2}$
Chicago	.31	1:03 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:35 $\frac{1}{4}$	2:07 $\frac{1}{2}$
Syracuse	.31 $\frac{3}{4}$	1:02 $\frac{3}{4}$	1:34 $\frac{1}{2}$	2:06 $\frac{1}{2}$
Hartford	.31 $\frac{1}{4}$	1:02 $\frac{3}{4}$	1:33 $\frac{1}{2}$	2:04 $\frac{3}{4}$
Readville	.31 $\frac{3}{4}$	1:02 $\frac{3}{4}$	1:34 $\frac{3}{4}$	2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$
Readville	.31 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:03	1:34 $\frac{3}{4}$	2:07 $\frac{1}{2}$
Readville	.32 $\frac{1}{4}$	1:04	1:36 $\frac{1}{2}$	2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$
Cleveland	.31 $\frac{1}{4}$	1:01 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:33	2:04
Toledo (½-mile track)	.33	1:03 $\frac{3}{4}$	1:37 $\frac{1}{2}$	2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$
Toledo (to wagon, $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile track).	.35 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:08	1:40 $\frac{1}{2}$	2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$
Terre Haute	.30 $\frac{3}{4}$	1:02 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:33 $\frac{1}{2}$	2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$
Terre Haute	.30 $\frac{3}{4}$	1:02	1:32 $\frac{1}{4}$	2:04 $\frac{1}{4}$

1901.

Detroit	.30 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:02 $\frac{1}{4}$	1:35 $\frac{1}{2}$	2:06 $\frac{3}{4}$
Detroit	.30 $\frac{3}{4}$	1:02 $\frac{1}{4}$	1:35	2:05
Cleveland	.30	1:01	1:31 $\frac{3}{4}$	2:02 $\frac{3}{4}$
Columbus	.29 $\frac{3}{4}$	0:59 $\frac{3}{4}$	1:30 $\frac{1}{4}$	2:02 $\frac{1}{4}$
Poughkeepsie	.31 $\frac{1}{4}$	1:03	1:35 $\frac{1}{4}$	2:06 $\frac{1}{4}$
New York	.30 $\frac{3}{4}$	1:01 $\frac{1}{4}$	1:32 $\frac{1}{4}$	2:03 $\frac{3}{4}$

C R E S C E U S , 2 : 0 2 $\frac{1}{4}$

New York	30 $\frac{3}{4}$	1:02 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:35	2:06 $\frac{1}{4}$
New York	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:01 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:34	2:05
Readville	31 $\frac{3}{4}$	1:04 $\frac{1}{4}$	1:36 $\frac{3}{4}$	2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$
Readville	31 $\frac{3}{4}$	1:04 $\frac{1}{4}$	1:36 $\frac{3}{4}$	2:06
Readville	2:07 $\frac{3}{4}$
Providence	31 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:02 $\frac{1}{4}$	1:34 $\frac{1}{2}$	2:05
Philadelphia	30 $\frac{1}{4}$	1:01	1:33	2:04 $\frac{1}{2}$
Baltimore	30	1:02 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:34	2:05 $\frac{1}{2}$
Toledo ($\frac{1}{2}$ -mile track)	33	1:04 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:37 $\frac{1}{2}$	2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$
Toledo ($\frac{1}{2}$ -mile, to wagon)	34	1:06 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:38 $\frac{1}{2}$	2:12
Columbus	30 $\frac{3}{4}$	1:01 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:34 $\frac{1}{2}$	2:05 $\frac{1}{2}$
Kansas City ($\frac{1}{2}$ -mile track)	32 $\frac{3}{4}$	1:04 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:36 $\frac{1}{2}$	2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$
Minneapolis	31 $\frac{3}{4}$	1:01 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:32 $\frac{1}{2}$	2:05 $\frac{1}{2}$
St. Louis	2:07
Denver	32	1:03	1:35 $\frac{1}{2}$	2:08
Los Angeles	32 $\frac{1}{4}$	1:02 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:35	2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$
Dallas	33	1:05 $\frac{1}{4}$	1:37 $\frac{3}{4}$	2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$

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